POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY

FOWLER SAID, "WE WILL TAKE THAT WITH US."

(See the Muswell Hill Murder and Burglary.)

Vol. VI.—No. 77.

THE MUSWELL HILL MURDER

THE DRAMATIC SLAYING OF A MISER.

"Let guilty men remember, their black deeds
Do lean on crutches made of slender reeds."
—JOHN WEBSTER, "The White Devil."

PART II.

MILSOM'S STORY OF THE MURDER.

THE news of the arrest of Milsom and Fowler spread with amazing rapidity, and created tremendous excitement. Sleepy old Bath was beside itself, and the inhabitants turned out in hundreds, thronging the streets in the neighbourhood of the police and railway stations, in the hope of obtaining a glimpse of the murderers (for so much had been published that the public felt confident the police had arrested the right men) and their captors. The afternoon was passing away when a private 'bus drove up the police station yard to receive the party. When it emerged a wild rush was made for the vehicle. People hung on to the back of the 'bus and stared in at police and prisoners, whilst at the station the crowd was so great that it was only with the utmost difficulty the detectives got their charges safely to the train. Milsom and Fowler were handcuffed together, and every precaution was taken to prevent their escaping. Fowler's brutal visage was almost concealed beneath surgical bandages. Both he and his companion in crime were as unconcerned as possible. They had then no idea of the damning evidence which the police were prepared to prove against them, and carried matters off with an air of great bravado.

Detective Burrell.

But they sang a different tune within a few days.

When the train arrived at Paddington, the police cleverly contrived to get their prisoners away without much trouble, and the great crowd of curious folk who had assembled at the terminus saw little but the 'bus, in which the party were driven off to Highgate Police Court, where next day the magisterial investigation commenced.

The little court-room was crowded with policemen, journalists, artists, and witnesses at an early hour on the following morning, and, as a result, but very few of the hundreds of people who had assembled outside were able to hear the opening of the case.

Mrs. Milsom, carrying her baby in her arms, was the first of the prisoners to arrive in the court. She was an ordinary-looking little woman, apparently much cast down by the position in which she found herself, but with far more pluck than her husband, who throughout played a mean, despicable part. Following her into the court came Albert Milsom, handcuffed and guarded by two constables. A slightly-built man of thirty-two, Milsom had the appearance of a hunted rat, and looked all over the cowardly sneak he afterwards proved to be. After him came Henry Fowler, also manacled and closely guarded. He was a tall, powerful-looking fellow, standing well over six feet, broad and burly. His bullet head and wicked face bore marks of the blows which he received during the desperate struggle at Bath. As they say in theatrical circles, "He looked the part." No one could mistake him for anything else than a criminal, and an exceedingly daring one at that, whilst it was quite easy to see that he was endowed with more than ordinary courage.

On the charge-sheet prisoners were described as Henry Fowler, aged thirty-one, alias Henry Sebbard, Thomas Brown, and "Bunny," billiard marker; and Albert Milsom, aged thirty-two, alias James Wilson, and Charles Smith, stoker.

Inspector Nutkins.

Only evidence of arrest was given at the first hearing, Inspectors Marshall and Nutkins telling the story of the exciting struggle at Bath. Marshall commenced by briefly referring to the murder, which he described as "most wilful and brutal," and then told of the chase after the prisoners, as already related in these columns. Both prisoners frequently interrupted the evidence, and Milsom was particularly loud and vehement. When Marshall mentioned the fact that Nutkins presented his revolver at the

prisoners Milsom burst out with "Yes, you shoved it in my mouth. You was in drink. You was all the worse for drink. Have you any evidence that will connect me with this offence?" Milsom put the question with an air of bravado which instantly disappeared when he heard the inspector's confident "Yes, I think we have." The inspector told how he charged prisoners with the murder of Mr. Smith and related their replies. Fowler said, "I did not; I was not along of the man"—(meaning Milsom). "I do not know anything about it. I was at a lodging-house at Kensal Town, and I am innocent of the charge."

Upon this Marshall said to Fowler, "We are most anxious to do what is right and fair in this matter, and if you care to give me the address where you lodged on that night I will take good care to fetch up any witnesses there may be on your behalf." But Fowler was not prepared for this, and could only reply, "I don't know the name of the lodging-house or the people who keep it."

Afterwards Fowler, apparently to explain why he struggled so violently, said, "I thought you only wanted me for failing to report myself," and Marshall explained that he was also arrested on that charge, adding, "but I am rather surprised, if you thought that, you made such a desperate resistance."

When Milsom was charged he said, "God forbid that I should take the life of anyone!"

Mrs. Milsom, charged as an accessory "after the fact," made no reply.

When Nutkins had told his story the chairman on the bench asked:

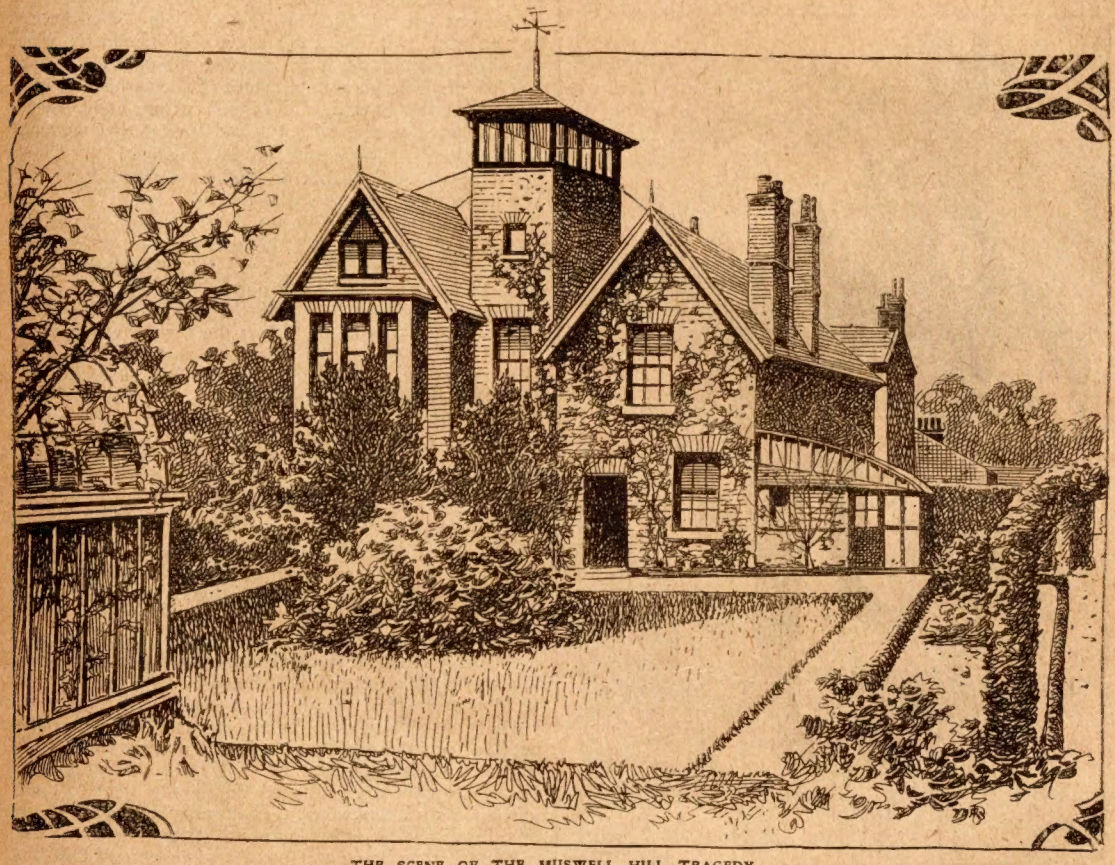
"Did they appear well off?"

"They had run to the end of their tether," was the reply. "They had been well off, but had spent the money."

Then came the pertinent question: "Was anything found on them connecting them with the crime."

"Nothing that we could definitely say was taken from the murdered man's house," said Nutkins; "but in their room we found a complete set of housebreaking tools. We found this brace"—here the officer produced some tools from a black bag—"two centre bits, a gimlet, and a jemmy, and I shall be able to prove that these were the joint property of the male prisoners. In the portmanteau were also about forty cartridges. They fit this revolver"—producing Fowler's weapon, which was found on the couch after the struggle at Bath—"and also one which has been pledged."

Practically this concluded the hearing for the day. Only one little incident relieved the tense excitement of this the first stage of the investigation. When Marshall during his evidence produced his own revolver the bench showed signs of nervousness. With a twinkle in his eye, Marshall reassured the magistrates. "It's all right; the revolver isn't loaded now, and," he quietly added, looking towards Fowler, "it wasn't loaded at Bath," and a glance of bitter hatred was Marshall's reward from the "big fellow," as those in court had by this time named Fowler.



THE SCENE OF THE MUSWELL HILL TRAGEDY.

After a week's remand the excitement had somewhat subsided, but the evidence given at the second sitting of the court was of such a startling nature that the interest in the case increased ten-fold. Mr. Horace Avory appeared for the Treasury when the three prisoners were once more placed in the dock. He outlined the case for the prosecution, told how the crime was committed, and how the murderers escaped. The footprints of two pairs of boots, he said, proved that there were two men mixed up in the murder, and but very slight clues were left behind—the tobacco box and the bull's-eye lantern. He described Milsom's home, and said that Fowler, who was known as "Bunny," also lived there. Both men were constantly together and neither seemed to have any legitimate occupa-

tion. After referring again to the lantern, Mr. Avory went on to say that on the day after the murder both men bought themselves new clothes and paid for them with gold coins. He pointed out as a significant fact that both prisoners asked Milsom's brother if he had heard anything of a "job being done at Harlesden," and spoke of Fowler's neglect to report himself on his "ticket-of-leave" on February 16, three days after the murder. The real owner of the lantern, said counsel, was Harry Miller, Milsom's wife's brother. To this lad Milsom said, "If anyone asks you about your lantern say you broke it and threw it in the dusthole." There, said Mr. Avory, was an open admission that he and somebody else had been using the lantern.

After this Marshall re-entered the witness-box, and, producing a jemmy, found on prisoners, showed that it

"There are electric bells there!"

perfectly fitted the marks upon the windows at Muswell Lodge, the dead man's house, producing a part of the sash for the magistrate's inspection.

At this point Mrs. Milsom was acquitted, the charge against her being dropped. Poor soul! she knew nothing whatever about the crime.

After the dead man's gardener had told his story, Harry Miller was called into the witness-box. A bright, intelligent little lad of fifteen, Miller, who evinced slight nervousness, gave his evidence very clearly, and only hesitated on one or two occasions when the eyes of his brother-in-law were upon him. He was, it seems, being taken care of by the police. His appearance caused the prisoner Milsom to get into a state of great excitement, and he was evidently very indignant with Inspector Marshall, who, however, took little notice.

Miller explained that he had been living until a few weeks before with his mother. In the same house lived Milsom, who was married to his sister. Some time since Christmas Fowler began to come to the house. Fowler he knew by the name of "Bunny." Here the lad looked at Mrs. Milsom, and smiled, and Inspector Marshall had the latter removed to another part of the court. Continuing, the lad went on to say that Fowler came at all hours during the day, but he had never seen the pair together at night. Sometimes Milsom was out all night, and on those occasions he would return alone at seven o'clock in the morning. Then the lantern was reached, and Mr. Avory asked: "Did you at any time buy a bull's-eye lantern?" "Yes, sir," was the boy's answer. "When?" "About a week or a fortnight before I lost it." "Where did you buy it?" "At the post-office in Goldburn Road. It had a green and a red slide in it. The heat of the flame cracked the green glass, and it was taken out. I put a piece of brass over the burner to make it taller, so as to prevent the oil catching light. When I bought it it had no wick in it, and I got a piece of flannelette, which my sister was making into shirts for the children. I also sand-papered the glass to get some of the varnish off it. I kept it on the dresser. I missed it one night when I went to get it to play with. I had seen it that morning."

Mr. Avory: "When did you see it again?" "I did not see it again until Inspector Nutkins showed it to me." The lantern was here shown to the lad.

"Is that the lantern?" asked Mr. Avory. "Yes, sir." "Those are the marks of the sandpaper?" "Yes, sir." "The glass is missing?" "Yes, sir." "And that is the piece of brass and wick you put in?" "Yes, sir." The lantern passed from the lad to the bench, and Mr. Avory continued: "Did you see Albert the night you missed the lantern?" Here the lad hesitated slightly, but on the solicitor saying, "Tell us the truth," he said, "No, sir." "Did he come home that night?" "No, sir." "What time did he come home?" "I can't say." "Did you see him come home?" "No, sir." "Did you hear him?" "No, sir." "What time did you get up?" "Eight o'clock." "Had Albert come home then?" "No, sir." "What woke you up?" "My mother woke me up." "When she woke you up was Albert there?" A long pause ensued, and Mr. Avory, catching the lad glancing across to his brother-in-law in the dock, said: "Never mind looking at him. Was he there? Just tell us the truth about it." "Does he understand?" asked the chairman, and the lad replied that he did. Again being admonished to tell the truth, Mr. Avory asked if Albert woke him up? Miller replied that he did. "At that time was he dressed? Had he all his clothes on?" "Yes, sir." "What did you do?" "Went in next door to thread needles," was the reply, which drew a general laugh. This was afterwards explained by both Milsom and the lad. Milsom leaned over and said that Miller went to thread needles for a dressmaker. That same day, went on the boy, in answer to further questions, Albert went to a shop in the Harrow Road and bought some new clothes. A black overcoat, jacket and waistcoat, and striped trousers were the articles mentioned. He paid for them in gold. He had more than one piece in his hand. He had four pieces. He also bought a pair of brown boots. The same day he put on the new clothes. The same day he saw "Bunny." "Bunny" said my mother could have his old clothes to alter for me. "Bunny" had got new clothes on. After some more questions about the clothes, the lantern was reverted to. "What was said about the lantern?" asked Mr. Avory. Witness: "Albert said, 'The lantern pretty nigh caught me on fire.'" "Did he say 'me'?" "He said 'Caught us on fire.'" "What else did he say about it? Remember what you told the policeman." "If anyone asked me about it I was to say I broke it and chucked it in the dusthole." "Is that true?" "Yes, sir. Albert went out before dinner time on the Sunday following, and did not come back again." Then Mr. Avory tried to get the events fixed chronologically. "Was it on the Friday (the day of the murder) that he woke you up at seven in the morning?" "Yes, sir."

"Was it the day before, on the Thursday, that you missed your lantern?" "On the Friday I missed the lantern."

This was not successful, and Mr. Avory tried again. "On the Sunday he went away?" "Yes, sir." "On the Saturday he bought the new clothes?" "Yes." "On the Friday—was that the day he woke you up in the morning?" There was a long pause, and at last the witness assented. It was a fortnight before he saw Albert again, and then he came and took his wife and children away. "After he first went away did you notice whether your sister had money to spend?" "Yes, sir, she had money." "Had she generally had money?" "No, sir." "Had you ever before seen Milsom with as much as three or four pieces of gold at one time?" "No." "Did Albert smoke?" was the next question, and the lad replied in the affirmative. "Have you ever seen anything like this before?" said Mr. Avory, holding up a small tin box, such as ounces of tobacco are sold in. "Yes," said the lad, "Albert had one, and used to carry it in his pocket." Asked by Mr. Pierron, appearing for the defence, if he knew what was written on it, Miller said he could not read, but in a statement of his which was produced a few minutes later he identified his signature or name, as he preferred to call it, which proved that if he could not read he could write. Mr. Pierron was asking the lad some questions as to where the police had taken him, when Mr. Avory, "in the interests of justice," objected. The objection was held to be good, and Milsom looked daggers. In re-examination the boy told Mr. Avory that he had informed the police that he had thrown his lantern in the dusthole. "Was that true?" "No, sir." "Why did you tell that lie?" "I didn't know what they were going to ask next," was the answer, which caused a general laugh.

Here Milsom broke in: "Can he say whether he ever saw the lantern in my possession?" He was, however, told that he could not ask any questions.

It was quite evident from their looks that both the men in the dock felt the rope around their necks. With Milsom more particularly was this the case, and those experienced in criminal matters prophesied that there would be startling developments during the week's remand.

And startling, indeed, were these developments. First of all, Milsom, in a futile endeavour to save his own neck, made a confession to the police exonerating himself from any share in the murder, and implicating his accomplice. Then Fowler, in the depths of despair, attempted to commit suicide by strangling himself with a handkerchief, and was only discovered when at the point of death. This was on the night before the police court proceedings were to be resumed, and when Fowler, for the third time, appeared in the dock at Highgate it was seen that he had not fully recovered from the attempt to take his life. He looked pallid and listless, and soon after the hearing commenced, whilst a witness was graphically describing the appearance of the dead man, he sank down in a swoon. Milsom was bustled out of the dock whilst his companion was stretched out and attended to by a doctor who was in court. Fowler rallied for a second, and then fainted again. Absolutely quaking with fear and with his sunken, bloodshot eyes fixed upon Fowler, Milsom looked the picture of abject cowardice. He hung his head in very shame all through that trying day, and when his confession was being read he kept his eyes upon the floor.

It was Inspector Marshall who read the confession. He said that he received a letter from Milsom, and went to Holloway Gaol and saw him. Milsom said he desired

FOWLER PUT THE CHISEL UNDER THE WINDOW.

to make a statement, and, after being cautioned, the prisoner related the following grim and circumstantial story of the murder:

"I, Albert Milsom, now under remand, charged with being concerned with Henry Fowler in a burglary at Muswell Lodge, on the night of February 13, and with the wilful murder of Mr. Smith, having been duly cautioned and told that anything I may say will be taken down and may be used in evidence against me, and no promise or hope whatsoever being held out to me of benefit arising from the same, desire to make a voluntary statement about the crime, so that it may be put before the proper authorities. In the first place, I wish to say I had nothing to do with the killing of Mr. Smith at all. I never put a hand upon him, and was not in the room at the time. Fowler came to my place about eight o'clock on the night of February 13, at Southam Street. Fowler said, 'I have had a look round with another man who done a "lag" with me, and he pointed out several places. There is one place especially, where an old miser lives by himself. You know what these people are, hiding their money in any little hole or corner, and we might find a good bit if we searched about. Will you come?' After a lot of persuasion, I said, 'Yes.' He said, 'Have you got a bit of candle?' I said 'No.' He looked round and saw the lantern, and said, 'That will do.' I said, 'That belongs to my little brother-in-law' (meaning Harry Miller). He said, 'We will take that with us; it will not show the reflection.' So we then went to Kilburn, and had a drink with some of Fowler's mates, and we asked the way to Muswell Hill. The men had been with Fowler at Dartmoor. We then went to Kilburn, and Fowler took tickets for a station near Muswell Hill. We went into a public-house for a drink—a corner house. Then Fowler and I went to the premises of the deceased. Fowler got over the front gate and I followed. It was the first gate we came to. While we were walking through the garden Fowler pushed me and said, 'Be careful; there are electric bells there—step over them.' We crept over the lawn, and lay down where the shrubs are. We lay there about an hour. Then Fowler said, 'It's time to get to work.' We got up, and he tried the drawing-room window, but it would not yield to his strength. Then he tried a little window, which opened, but there were bars, which prevented us getting in. From that we went to the next window; we took the flower pots from the window sill and put them on the ground. Fowler put the chisel under the window and lifted it, then he got in, and I was left standing outside. While Fowler was in I saw a light coming down the stairs. I was outside. I said, 'Bunny, out you come, there is someone coming downstairs.' He stood his ground. I made off, to run for the front entrance, and heard shouts of 'Police!' and 'Murder!' I stood trembling, for I felt sure I should be surrounded by police. I looked this way and that way, and up at the windows, but there was no light moving to give suspicion, and seeing no police, nor anybody moving, I crept back to the little window, and there I saw Fowler at the back door, covered with blood; there was blood on his face, coat, and hands. I said, 'Good God, Fowler! What have you done?' He said, 'It's "outing dos," and all through you, you cur, for leaving a man on his own.'

"I said, 'I am surprised about a man like you that brags about your strength to kill an old man.' With that he raised his hand to strike me. I said, 'If that's your game I am off.' He cooled down and said, 'Oh, well, it's no good crying. Stop there. I'll go upstairs and see what there is.' When he came down he had a watch and other things in his hand. He said, 'I found the Peter'—meaning the safe—'and the key was in the

"IT'S ALL THROUGH YOU, YOU CUR!"

old man's pocket.' He said, 'I won't take the jewellery in case of detection.' Fowler washed himself and rubbed the blood off his coat with a towel in the kitchen. Then we crept to a place in the centre of the lawn and buried the tools—a brace, worm-bit, chisel, and screw-drivers. After a lapse of a few minutes we made for the woods. Creeping about we came to a tree or stump of a tree, and sat three or four hours waiting for six o'clock, when the police were scarce and thinking of escaping detection. We then came out into the road and walked all the way home. I lent Fowler my coat to hide his blood-stained clothes. When we got to Goldburn Road we parted. Fowler said he would go to his brother's for breakfast; I went home. Fowler called upon me at ten o'clock, and he had a parcel of new clothes with him. He said to me, 'Send your missus out while I change.' I sent my wife out, and he changed his clothes and left the old ones. Fowler then gave me fifty pounds, and he said, 'There, that's more than some would give you after leaving a man in a hole.' I took the fifty pounds and said nothing. He said, 'Ain't you going to buy new clothes?' I said, 'There's plenty of time for that.' A few minutes after Fowler goes out. I saw him again that evening about six o'clock, and he had a ring on his finger and a chain, but no watch attached to it. He said he had been to see some old pals, as I understood, who had come home from penal. He came back in a cab. Then I and my wife and Fowler and his sweetheart went to Kilburn, and we all went to a concert in a public-house. We stopped there until half-past twelve. I, seeing Fowler was the worse for drink, and violent with his girl—he knocked her down several times, and was so rough I thought it better to fetch a cab, and we all got into it and rode home. I got out with my wife, and bid Fowler good night. I saw him about one the next day. He told me he was going to open a show, and was going abroad, as on the 16th he had to report himself, and he was not going to give himself away. He said, 'Will you come abroad?' I, having been abroad before myself, had a longing desire to go, and said 'Yes.' We walked to Kilburn, and hailed a cab to Edgware Road. There we changed cabs, and rode to Mile End. Then we went and called upon my aunt, Mrs. Waddell, St. Peter's Road, and I introduced Fowler as Mr. Jarvis. I told my aunt, in the course of conversation, that I had come to say good-bye, as I was going abroad. During the morning I wrote a letter to my mother to this effect: 'DEAR MOTHER,—Call upon me to-morrow as early as possible, and bring my wife and the two children with you, as I am about going away and want to see you.' We slept with my cousin that night—my cousin Jack. I said to him, 'Put this away,' and Fowler and I both handed him our revolvers. We had bought them on the Saturday before, with fifty cartridges, at a pawnbroker's in the High Road, Kilburn. On Monday my wife and children and mother and father came to see me at aunt's. I stayed with them for a couple of hours, and then had a parting drink. I said, 'Well, I must be off.' My aunt said, 'Would you not like your wife to go a little way with you?' I and my wife and Fowler went to Mile End Station, and inquired for the train to Liverpool; but there was no train for a long time, and we couldn't wait, so we hailed a cab and went to Euston Station just in time to catch a train to Liverpool. I had bid my wife good-bye at Mile End before getting into the cab. We lodged at a place at Liverpool for a week. I wrote home to my wife to let her know where I was. 'Bunny' was with me. I said I had not been very well. She sent me a telegram to say Fred (his brother) would be there to-morrow. He brought a closed letter from my wife that ran to this effect: 'DEAR ALBERT,—The police have been down here asking where you are. They know you are with Fowler, and you will get twelve months for being in his company, as he is wanted on his licence.' My brother stayed one night, and went home the next

Inspector Marshall.

Mr. Horace Avory.

"If that's your game, I'm off!"

day. My wife and my brother know nothing that I was in any way concerned in the Muswell Hill affair. As regards our travels, we left Liverpool and went to Cardiff. The reason we left Liverpool was that Fowler brought a low woman to the house, and the landlady objected. Fowler took her at her word, left the house, and we stayed at an hotel one night and then went on to Cardiff. While at Liverpool I went with Fowler to a dentist, and he had some false teeth put in. He said he was short of teeth on his licence. That is why he had them. . . ." (The confession went on to relate their travels) and concluded: "I have to-day made a statement to my solicitor before you arrived, and told him where the tools are in the grounds at Muswell Lodge on the lawn. Fowler had the job put up by another man."

This was signed "A. Milsom."

"That's more than some would give you!"

During the reading of the confession Fowler seemed to pull himself together a bit. The old sneer appeared on his face; but when he heard the damning words of Milsom's statement this changed to a scowl of the fiercest anger and hatred. Separated from Fowler by a burly policeman, Milsom seemed to shrink up under the gaze of Fowler's fierce eyes. There was murder in that look, and the police officials took good care that the "big fellow" should not get within striking distance of his accomplice.

After the confession came several police officers, who told how they had dug at the spot in the lawn indicated by Milsom, and had unearthed two chisels and two bradawls, all stained with blood.

From the fact that both chisels were bloodstained the police came to the conclusion that both Milsom and Fowler had struck old Mr. Smith, and this inference received corroboration later when Fowler also made a confession. As we have indicated, the big fellow was terribly embittered against his comrade in crime, and was determined that he would not go to the scaffold alone.

Fowler, having definitely fixed the rope around his own neck and that of his "pal," seemed to brighten up a good deal. When next the prisoners appeared in court they were strongly guarded and kept far apart. Fowler being handcuffed, Milsom was less nervous than at the previous hearing. Fowler was calmly indifferent, whilst both indulged in laughter now and then—mirthless laughter it was in all conscience.

When the case was resumed, it appeared that Fowler almost immediately after Milsom's confession had been read made a sort of informal confession of the crime. Shortly after the court adjourned he said to Sergeant Reynolds:

> "My pal, the dirty dog, has turned Queen's Evidence, and our mouthpiece is no use, but I can tell a tale as well as he. There was £112 in the bag and safe, and I gave him £53 and some shillings, which was an equal share of the money, after what I had spent. Is it likely that I should give that to a man who stood outside? He put his foot on the old man's neck until he made sure he was dead, and then he went upstairs, he first, and found the old man's trousers, with the keys of the safe in the pocket. But thieves will cut one another's throat for half a loaf."

A few other witnesses were called after this statement had been made, and the two men were then committed for trial at the Old Bailey.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Challenging the Jury.

An Irish colonel of dragoons, previous to a trial in which he was defendant, was informed by his counsel that if there were any of the jury to whom he had any personal objections he might legally challenge them. "Faith, and so I will!" replied the son of Mars. "If they do not bring me off handsomely, I will challenge every man of them!"

The Vere Street Gang.

These wretches, whose crimes cannot be enumerated here, had their headquarters at a public-house called the Swan, in Vere Street, Clare Market. The proprietor of this vile house, a man named Cooke, was the grand-master of the disgusting rites and filthy ceremonies which took place there. Their misdeeds were exposed in 1809, and in the January of the following year they were tried and convicted. Cooke and five of his fellow-scoundrels were taken to the pillory in the Haymarket, opposite Panton Street, and exposed there to the rightful fury of the mob. The scene was a most exciting one. Dead cats, rats, gutter filth, mud, stones, and offal of all kinds were thrown at the delinquents, and when removed from their perilous position they were more dead than alive. The whole affair at the time created an enormous sensation.

Queen Mary.

Queen Mary, until her marriage with Philip the Second of Spain, appears to have been very merciful and humane; for Hollinshed, the historian, says that when she appointed Sir Richard Morgan Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, she told him "That, notwithstanding the old error which did not admit any witness to speak or any other matter to be heard (Her Majesty being party), that her pleasure was, that whatsoever could be brought in favour of the subject should be admitted to be heard; and, moreover, that the justices should not persuade themselves to put in judgment otherwise for her highness than for her subjects."

The above is old-world phraseology, but it goes to show that even "Bloody Queen Mary" must have been fairly humane in her dealings with criminals before she came under the sinister influence of her husband, Philip, who was undoubtedly the greatest upholder of the dreaded Inquisition in Spain and her dependencies that the world ever knew, and although he could not quite persuade or command the English people to adopt his own methods of dealing with religious opposition, yet he was the cause of very severe and cruel treatment of criminals and those whom he considered worse—members of the reformed faith.

Life of Charles Peace.

CHAPTER XX.

SOON after this he had an interview with his solicitor, to whom he explained the whole of the circumstances connected with the alleged attempted burglary at the "Gothic Cottage."

His legal adviser took notes for the preparation of his brief, and told his client that the line of defence he purposed adopting would in all probability be deemed an answer to the charge, and that he looked forward with confidence to an acquittal, unless some further incriminating evidence was presented in the course of the trial.

"You have all the facts, sir," returned Peace, "but, of course, there is no telling what that infamous old woman will swear."

"Oh! we don't intend letting her have it all her own way," observed the lawyer. "She'll be subjected to a searching cross-examination."

Peace was in much better spirits after the interview with his lawyer, who had said, in the course of conversation, that it was as trumpery a case as he had ever had to do with.

The day of trial at length arrived. The prosecutrix and her witnesses were in court when Peace was placed in the dock.

After a few preparatory remarks from the counsel for the prosecution, Mrs. Pocklington was sworn.

She deposed to the facts already known to the reader, her evidence being in substance much the same as that given before the bench of magistrates.

Mr. Serjeant Jawkins rose and proceeded to cross-examine the prosecutrix.

"When did you become aware of the fact that a burglar—as you are pleased to call the prisoner—was endeavouring to effect an entrance into your house?"

"When I opened the drawing-room window."

"And, pray, madam, what was your reason for opening your window?"

"I heard a scraping noise at the front door, and suspected there was something amiss."

"And you saw the prisoner at the door of the house?"

"Yes."

"Which he was endeavouring to open?"

"Certainly—so I imagined."

"We don't want to know what you imagined. Will you swear that he was endeavouring to open it? Now be careful in your answers."

"It appeared to me that he was doing so. The door was partly open."

"It was a dark night, was it not?"

"Rather dark."

"And pray how long did you look at the prisoner before you struck him with the broom?"

"Oh! not long."

"I should suppose not; but can you give us an idea how long it was—five minutes or five seconds, or more?"

"It was not five minutes."

"Nearer five seconds—eh?"

"I can't say exactly. It was not long."

"And so, Mrs. Pocklington, you deemed it expedient to act promptly. You commenced a most vigorous assault upon the prisoner without stopping to inquire whether he was a thief or a visitor?"

"I was sure he was not a visitor."

"How could you be sure? Did you see his face when you first struck him?"

"No, his back was towards me."

"Is it your practice to assault persons with a housebroom?"

"I object to that question," said the counsel for the prosecution, rising and interrupting his learned brother.

They are all brothers in a court of law.

"Upon what ground, brother Matchley?" inquired Serjeant Jawkins.

"As irrelevant."

"I hope his lordship will rule that my questions are relevant."

The judge signified that the question might be put.

It was repeated.

The witness said sharply:

"No, it is not my practice to do so."

"Then it is fair to assume that this is an exceptional case," said Serjeant Jawkins.

"You have not told us, Mrs. Pocklington, if you heard anyone calling out or shouting before you opened the window and commenced hostilities?"

"I did not hear anyone call out."

"You are quite sure you did not hear a man's voice before you discovered the prisoner at the door of your house?"

"I did not hear any voice."

"Is the prisoner a stranger to you?"

"I never saw him before to my knowledge."

"Is he also a stranger to your maid-servant?"

"I believe so."

"Really, brother Jawkins, I think you are out of order. How is the witness to know whether he is a stranger or not to the servant? Ask the young woman herself when she is in the box."

"I thank you for your suggestion, brother Matchley. It would be the best course. I have no further questions to put to the present witness."

Mrs. Pocklington retired, and the servant-girl was placed in the box. After she had deposed to facts connected with the case, she underwent a severe cross-examination, which took a humorous turn, eliciting laughter in the body of the court, which was, of course, immediately suppressed.

When the examination of the police was concluded, Mr. Serjeant Jawkins rose for the defence. He said:

"My lord and gentlemen of the jury, I must confess that this case appears to me singularly weak, as far as the evidence for the prosecution is concerned—in point of fact, there is no proof whatever that the prisoner contemplated committing a burglary. The pugnacious prosecutrix came to that conclusion at the outset, and she has done her best to substantiate the charge, which, however, I submit, is in no way proved. It is my duty to inform you that the prisoner declares that he had no felonious intention whatever. According to his statement, he had, on the night in question, an appointment with a young woman to whom he is paying some attention. They walked about together for an hour or so, and he was led to believe that she was a domestic in service in one of the houses in the village. After he had parted with her he went to the Running Horse, a well-known public-house in the neighbourhood, where he had some ale and a game of skittles. He remained at this place about an hour and a half, or it might be nearly two hours. He then left and bent his steps homewards. As he was proceeding along he, according to his statement, observed the door of the prosecutrix's residence partially open. He entered the garden, went up to the door, and found it fastened with a chain, which he endeavoured to slip back, being under the impression at the time that his 'young woman' was inside. He called her by name several times, but received no answer. While thus occupied he all of a sudden received a blow on the back. He turned round, and was struck again on the head. It is not at all surprising to any of us that he should lose his temper. After the infliction of a third blow from his female assailant he naturally enough became furious. He wrested the broom from her hand, and strove to get at her by springing on the balcony. Would he have done this if his intentions had been felonious? Not at all likely, I should say. He was then placed hors de combat by another blow from the housemaid's mop. A very little more and the prisoner would have been killed outright, and you would have been spared the trouble of trying him on the present charge. Gentlemen, I submit to your attention all these circumstances, which require your consideration. I do not believe for one moment, when you have weighed over the matter in your minds, you will ruin the prospects of this young man—blast his reputation, it may be, for life—by returning a verdict of guilty upon such a groundless and trumpery charge. There is no proof of felonious

attempt—no proof whatever that he was actuated by any other instinct than curiosity in being at the door of the prosecutrix's house. I admit that he acted in a most imprudent and indiscreet manner—so have many other young men under similar circumstances—but I emphatically deny that he had burglarious intentions."

"Burglars' implements were found upon him, you should remember, brother Jawkins," observed the judge.

"So the police aver, my lord," returned the advocate. "Indeed, they are so prone to put the worst construction in cases of this sort, that it would not surprise me if they called a toothpick or a pencil-case burglars' tools. The prisoner denies this. He asserts that the implements found on him are nothing more or less than tools which he uses in his business."

"What is his trade, then?" inquired a juryman.

"From what I have been informed, I am led to the conclusion that he is a sort of handy man at two or three trades—he has worked as a smith, he has turned his attention to mechanical appliances, and is the inventor of a crane of a novel description. This is his rough draught of its form."

Mr. Serjeant Jawkins held forth a large mechanical drawing, which the judge and jury understood as much about as they did of the Sanscrit language.

Nevertheless, the diagram had its desired effect.

"It is quite clear," said Serjeant Jawkins in continuation, "that no robbery has been committed. Nothing has been stolen from the house of the prosecutrix, and I maintain that it is equally clear that no robbery was contemplated. The prisoner has been roughly, and, I may say, unmercifully used by the pugnacious Mrs. Pocklington and her valiant servant-maid. But, hardly as he has been dealt with by the relentless prosecutrix, he will, I feel assured, be recompensed by an acquittal from the hands of a jury of his countrymen."

Mr. Serjeant Jawkins sat down. He had done his best for Peace, whom he had defended with wonderful skill.

The judge summed up in a few words. He said, after a review of the evidence, if the jury had a doubt as to the prisoner's intentions, they were bound to give him the benefit of it.

They returned a verdict of not guilty without leaving the box.

"I knew Jawkins would pull you through," whispered Peace's attorney, as his client entered the prisoners' waiting-room. "You may think yourself lucky, young man."

"I do; and am very thankful to you for suggesting the line of defence," returned our hero. "Believe me, I shall be for ever grateful."

Many of the other prisoners who were tried in the same court were not so fortunate.

Mr. Green was not successful in imposing upon the judge and jury. Unfortunately for this young gentleman, he was "well known to the police." More than one constable came into court to claim his acquaintance.

Mr. Green's recollection failed him. He did not remember to have met the constables before. He put on a look of injured innocence, and again burst into tears. But all this display of grief and contrition had but little weight with the court.

He was sentenced to one month's imprisonment with hard labour.

He cried as if his heart was about to break.

The gipsy was tried on the same day as Peace and Mr. Green.

It was not clearly established that he had stolen the horse, but it was proved that he had taken it away from its owner's stable, and rode off with it.

His defence was that he intended to return the animal, but he utterly failed to establish this satisfactorily.

He was found guilty. But as it was his first offence, or, more properly speaking, the first time he had been convicted, he was sentenced to six months only.

"It's a lottery, quite a lottery," observed the gipsy to Mr. Green. "I thought you would get more than me."

"I've been very unfortunate," returned his youthful companion. "It's those bobbies as did it. It warn't of no manner of use my coming the good boy business while they were in court. But, I say, old man, do you know your friend is dead?"

"What friend do yer mean?" inquired the gipsy. "I didn't know as I had any."

"Why, him as interrupted you in the lock-up."

"Dead—is he? Poor chap!"

It was true enough. Two days before the assizes commenced the ill-fated man breathed his last. He was born and bred a gentleman, was of an ancient and honourable family, but in early life was afflicted with a fatal propensity for gambling and betting.

All the years of his life were wasted, his moral principles were undermined. He was, of course, a prey to sharpers.

He became reckless, lost his status in society, and ultimately, in the dire straits in which he found himself, had recourse to forgery.

His family, to save his reputation, paid the forged bills. Nevertheless, the man could not turn aside from his evil course. He had got into a vortex, a sort of maelstrom, from which he could not release himself. His end we have already chronicled.

It is not easy to estimate the pernicious effects of betting in this country.

It affects all classes, impoverishes the wealthy, makes criminals of the middle and lower classes of the community, fills our gaols, and is, in point of fact, the ruin of scores of thousands of persons, who, but for this fatal propensity, would in all probability have continued to be respectable and honourable members of society.

Nothing tends to demoralise the youth of this country compared to the practice of betting.

It is quite time the Legislature should take active measures to suppress, as far as lies in their power, this widespread evil.

CHAPTER XXI.

We now arrive at another phase in the history of the criminal whose career we are shadowing forth. Peace, after his release, returned to his native town, and resided for many months with his mother.

To all appearance he was a good citizen, and an industrious man enough, who managed to earn sufficient for his own requirements.

It was not known in Sheffield that he had "been in trouble." Those who were interested in his welfare were in great hopes that he would turn from dishonest courses and taste the sweets of honest industry.

Certainly for a long time after the "Gothic Cottage" affair he was more circumspect in his conduct and general behaviour. For the greater portion of his life he seems to have lived on the border line of respectability and decent dulness, and at times appeared to settle down to an honest life.

But he deliberately chose evil for good—the old craving for adventure and excitement would come over him again, and he would plunge headlong into the realms of desperate lawlessness to re-emerge shortly in the daylight as a quiet and steady young member of society.

Peace took great interest in carving, architecture, and works of art of every conceivable description. While at Sheffield, during the few months he remained a decent member of society, he paid frequent visits to the museums and other institutions, and he promised to compete for the prize in wood-carving in the forthcoming exhibition.

But the old feeling for change and adventure came over him, and he determined upon leaving his native town for a while. Business was not very brisk with him at this time—so he thought it advisable to shift his quarters.

He had purchased a number of cheap, showy, attractive-looking prints, together with a large collection of photographs, many of which were copyright, being reproductions from well-known pictures.

In addition to these he had a number of other photographs, which it would not have been advisable for anyone to sell, seeing that they rendered the vendor liable to imprisonment under Lord Campbell's Act.

But this Peace did not much care about.

He felt assured that he was well able to evade the law.

Having renewed his hawker's licence and packed up his goods in as small a compass as possible, he bade adieu to his mother and friends at Sheffield, and set out on his pilgrimage.

A wandering life was consonant to his general disposition and temperament.

Shouldering his pack, with his stout oaken stick and his dog, "Gip," he commenced his journey.

It was only spring-time, and he had the best part of the year before him. He paid a visit to Worksop, Huddersfield, Marborough, and Barnsley, calling at several hamlets and villages of lesser note.

He made a long stay in the last-named place; he met there a young man who was a "nigger delineator," as they term themselves in the advertisements in a certain theatrical paper. Peace found in this person a congenial spirit, and

they took a commodious room in the town and gave "nigger" entertainments three nights in the week—namely, Saturdays, Mondays, and Wednesdays. The two first were the most profitable, the working class being usually more flush of money.

Peace and his brother artist were tolerably successful, playing on most occasions to a small profit. They would in all probability have continued these performances had they not been brought to a close by Peace's companion signing articles of engagement with a troupe who visited the town on a provincial tour.

Peace, therefore, left and proceeded to the next town with his wares.

In some of the places he visited he was tolerably successful. He sold many prints and photos, and realised a fair profit.

Sometimes he put up at a roadside inn, while at others he took lodgings in a quiet, respectable cottage for a few days.

At this time his life could not be considered in any way disreputable—he was sober and industrious.

It is true that during his peregrinations he was in no way particular about disposing of prints and photos of a contraband nature, but he used a great amount of discretion in his dealing in goods of this description.

It was towards the close of a bright autumnal day that he arrived wearied and footsore in sight of a roadside inn, which stood half-way between two villages in Yorkshire. The sign of this wayside inn was the "Old Carved Lion."

Over the facia of the establishment was a wooden effigy of the king of beasts. Who carved this hideous animal it is not possible to say—it was about on a par with others one sees in houses of public entertainment in the metropolis and elsewhere.

About thirty yards off the Old Carved Lion stood a handpost, with its four white arms pointing down the four cross roads.

Some few years before there had been only one handpost within four miles of this spot, and that so defaced and overgrown with moss that it was impossible to decipher a letter.

But, fortunately, a nobleman who lived in the neighbourhood happened to lose his way among the dark woods which encircled it, and did not arrive home till his soup was ice, his fish rags, and his sirloin of beef a cinder.

An order was consequently passed by the bench that handposts should be erected in all the parishes under their surveillance at every cross road and turning—the expenses to be defrayed by the funds of the respective parishes.

In rural districts, before any improvements are permitted to be made or nuisances removed, a human being must die or a person of note be inconvenienced.

In the days of the defaced handpost, before railways were in vogue, the "Old Carved Lion" had been a large coaching hotel, furnished with an unbounded amount of accommodation for man and beast.

At the time we make its acquaintance the landlord had turned small farmer, and had aggrandised his stables into barns, and degraded his spare bedrooms into lumber garrets.

However, the good, dry skittle ground still remained, and the hum of voices and incessant rumbling from within proved that this scientific game did not lack supporters.

It was a low cattle-shed kind of place, with benches down the walls and at either end.

On the opposite corners were two small tables, fitted with mugs and pipes.

A portly individual in a white apron filled up the doorway as Peace arrived in front of the old village inn, in the front of which was a horse-trough, a large chestnut tree, and a post bearing at its top the sign of the house.

"Good day, friend," said Peace to the host of the Carved Lion. "I'm wearied and footsore, and crave a little rest and refreshment."

"Both are at your service, neighbour," returned the landlord, making way for the newcomer by withdrawing into the bar.

Peace entered the parlour, and in a few minutes a mug of ale, together with some cold meat and pickles, were served him, which he devoured with evident relish.

Meanwhile, those in the skittle ground were busily occupied.

"Come on, lads, another ge-ame!" cried a lusty young fellow, with his sleeves rolled up to his shoulder. "Come on, mates, one more. Ye doan't mean to say ye ha' don' yet."

"I don't know 'xactly what to say about it," replied a middle-aged man, who was also in his shirt sleeves. "I tell ye what it be, ye a deal too good for me, a doubt."

"Noa—noa, come on," returned the other, with the mellifluity of a Whitechapel skittle sharper. "Never fear, guv'nor, luck will be sure to change. Doan't be so quavery mavery over it. Let's have one more pint, for I'm jolly dry."

"You start first, then."

"Get out of my way some of you chaps, and make yourselves look less," said the young man, in a voice prophetic of victory.

Taking from the ground a wooden missile in the shape of a cheese, he poised it between his fingers as if it had been a pebble, and, casting the whole weight of his body, pitched the ball towards the upright pins.

It struck the front pin on the left shoulder, and, pirouetting round the ring, knocked all down.

"Brayvo! brayvo!" cried the rustics, knocking their great mugs against the table. "A floorer!"

"That was a squiver," said one of them. "Nothing like a flat ball to tiddle 'em over."

"Fust hoss to Bill," cried another, chalking down one on the table.

"You've got your Sunday play on to-day," said the other, as he took the ball in his hands.

His throw was less fortunate.

Only one pin fell, which, after rolling among the others and creating a false interest for awhile, calmly subsided in the dust.

"There, I give 'ee the game and the pot. There's no tackling ye at skittles to-night, that's sartin; and I can't make no how of it either."

"Who's next—next?" cried the victor. "Will e'er a one of ye have a shy for a pot, or won't ye? I'll tak two to one I gets the three fronts, and I'll take it even if I floors 'em."

"I'll back Billy agen 'ee for a gallon, if ye like," cried a man.

"Nay, nay," cried a loud but not inharmonious voice; "if old Nick were here——"

"Hoosh! hoosh!" shouted out half a dozen of the throng.

"Who cares about your hooshing? I beant afeared of no mortal thing; no immortal, for the matter of that; neither man, beast, or spirit."

The voice came from a young woman, who was finely, though perhaps almost too lustily, formed.

"Ye're all a pack of fools!" said she, giving her head an indignant shake. "A frightenen yourselves about Mother Brickett's ghost. Who is there as has seen it, I should like to know?"

"I ha'," said a man. "I wer a walking across the common here, when I found a somethink white and ghastly walking by my side."

"How big was it?"

"About my height, as nigh as can be. An' it never sed a word. An' just as I was ready to drop, it vanished away."

"And then we all knows," said another, "as only t'other night her voice was heard in the passage by the tap-room where she called Brickett three times by name, and many bein' by. An' it was only yester night as she came and patted the white cow while Clara wer a milkin' on it."

"This be very sartin," said a tall, pale woman, with a child in her arms; "if she could come back arter she'd gone she 'ould. Her mind was all here when she died. When she was in her last hour her little darter came up to see how she was agoin' on. 'Mind the bisness,' said she, quite sharp; and when Brickett came up, she sent him down pretty quickish. 'Don't mind me, mind the customers'—them were her last words. And she were an audacious woman after money, sure alive."

There is hardly any country place in the United Kingdom but owns some superstition, which many of the inhabitants have full belief in.

At all ages, and in every place, there have been found many who have entertained the belief that at certain periods the dead are permitted to revisit the earth for a brief period; and it was said in the neighbourhood that the deceased landlady of the Carved Lion could not rest in her grave without, in disembodied spirit, occasionally hovering about the old hostelry.

She had been a hard-fisted, money-loving woman in her time, and the frequenters of the inn were wont to talk about her ghost being seen on the common, in one of the dark lanes or elsewhere, in the "witching time of night."

"She must have growed a good bit since she died," said the woman who had been called Nelly, "for she was a good deal shorter than that gawk there when she wur here. It's all nonsense, I tell 'ee. If people goes to a better world they don't want to come back to a place like this, and if they go to another place——"

"Hoosh! hoosh!" exclaimed several voices.

"Get along with 'ee with yeer hooshing. It's only the truth that I am speaking," exclaimed the young woman.

Doubtless an altercation would have ensued, but the subject was dropped upon the appearance of a stranger.

This was Peace, who had finished his repast in the parlour, and strolled into the skittle-ground.

"Your sarvant, sir," said one of the rustics to Peace.

"Give you good evening, friend," said our hero. "Good evening to one and all."

The villagers made room for him on one of the forms which ran by the side of the building, and Peace sat himself down.

"Ha' the first drink of the new pot," said a broad-shouldered man to a companion by his side, "an' don't 'ee cuss and swear. I hate to hear a man swear for nothing."

"I'm not going to drink your froth for 'ee," returned the other. "I'll ha' some. An' you'll find it as thick as molasses, I'll warrant. Brickett poured a lot of beer into a barrel without clearing out the dregs, and a prutty mess he's made of it. The way business is done here now would make his dead wife walk if anythin' could."

"What, yer grumbling agen as usual?" said another of the company. "Don't be a runnin' down Brickett, for he's a good sort."

"Who says he ain't?" cried Nelly; "but some people are never satisfied."

"Right you are, lass!" exclaimed several, for it was evident enough that the young woman was a general favourite.

"Ain't nobody seen nothin' of never a hat nowhere?" inquired a thin old man in a querulous voice, twisting in and out of the crowd like a ferret in a rabbit burrow.

"One 'ud think your silly old head were inside on it a wanderin' about like that there," said Nelly.

"Don't 'ee say much to him," whispered the woman with a child in her arms. "Poor Nat Peplow has aged wonderful these last three years. He don't seem like the same man."

"Ho, ho!" guffawed a rustic. "There ain't much left of Nat now:

"Poor old hoss! poor old hoss!
Once I eat the best of hay,
And lived in a foine stall;
But now I eats the short grass
As grows agen the wall.
Poor old hoss! poor old hoss!
Thee must die."

"Ah! ye may laugh and sing," said Nat, shaking his head and his voice quavering. "I mind the time when I used to troll that same ditty to grey hairs. It's right it should fall back on me now."

"Poor old hoss!" chanted Nelly.

"But when I wur young I was as lissom as ever a young man here. I bain't so strong now as I should be, though when my feyther wur eighty years old he could carry a sack of wheat up a ladder into a granary; and my mother's hair when she wur an old 'ooman was as black and shiny as jet, and growed over her shoulders like a wild colt's mane.

"CAN I HAVE A BED HERE?"

"I don't know rightly what mak's me weaker than they. My arm be a' witherd up like a burnt piece of pig's flesh, an' my poor chest do hurt me when I breathes. I think the beer can't be so wholesome and nourishing as it yoosed to be."

And Nat, taking his half-pint mug from the table, peered into it and found it empty.

"Why, it's run out!" he cried.

A hoarse giggle from a sunburnt country lad pointed out the culprit.

"All run out a' the top, I s'pose," he added, resignedly. "Now, Brickett, let's have another half-pint o' twopenny, and draw it thickish, 'cos I ain't had my supper."

Nat always liked his beer by instalments of half-pints, because he thought that he got more that way.

Sometimes he drank as many as eight half-pints, on which occasions he would chuckle gravely in his sleeve, and persuade himself that he had cheated the landlord of a noggin.

Peace had by this time become familiar and on friendly terms with many of those who were assembled in the skittle-ground. The young fellow who had been playing when we

first made the acquaintance of this establishment, asked Peace to have a game.

"Don't 'ee play wi' him, master," said Nelly; "he be's too much for any on 'm here, and ye won't ha' much chance wi' him unless you are a good hand at the game."

"I'm not much of a player," returned Peace; "but what matters that? We are only going to play for amusement or for a mug of beer. It don't much matter who wins or loses."

"Please yourself, then—it ain't any business of mine."

"Let 'em alone Nell—there arn't no skittle sharpers here," said a man at one of the tables. "Let 'em be, lass."

Nell shrugged her shoulders, and sat herself down on one of the forms.

The players went to work in good earnest. Peace succeeded in knocking all the pins down at one go.

This exploit was greeted with loud bravos.

His antagonist, however, was equally successful, and the game resulted in a draw. Another game was played; this Peace lost.

"I've done better than I expected," said he, "and I think I had better leave off now. I am evidently no match for you."

"Come," said Nell, "if ye're done skittlin', let us be going indoors; and ye can finish yer ale there."

Many of them now left, those that remained repaired to the parlour.

CHAPTER XXII.

Peace bent his steps in the direction of the bar of the establishment.

As he was proceeding along, a voice shouted out:

"Ye're beant a-goin' to leave us, sir, be'est thou?"

"No, no, friend," returned our hero. "I shall join you in a minute or so."

"Ay, that be right," exclaimed the same voice.

Peace went in front of the bar, and said to the landlord: "I don't want to go any farther to-night. Can I have a bed here?"

"Ah! surely," answered the host; "for as many nights as thee likes. The more the merrier."

"Good! Then that's settled."

He returned to the parlour. Over the mantelpiece of this was a smoke-bleached board, on which was inscribed, in dingy yellow letters:

"When first I came I some did trust,
And did my money lend;
But when I asked for the same
They soon forsook their friend.
Now my cure is no man's sorrow—
Pay to-day and trust to-morrow."

However, a scrawl of chalked hieroglyphics on the bar door proved that the practice of the publican was less resolute than his professions.

"I think I'll ha' another half-pint," said the old man who had been called Nat. A little girl, who served the beer and tobacco, brought in the liquor the old man ordered.

"Ye've travelled a greatish distance, may be?" said one of the company to Peace, glancing at his boots, which were begrimed with mud and sand.

"Pretty well, as far as that goes. I can't say exactly how far I've walked, not knowing the ground."

"Ah, I see! A stranger to these parts."

"Yes; I'm on a tour."

"For pleasure?"

"Well, no, not altogether pleasure—business. I'm a picture-frame maker by trade, and deal in prints and photos. Would you like to see some of my wares?"

"Ah! that un should," said several.

"Well, then, so you shall."

He was about to open his pack when a noise of footsteps was heard descending the stairs, and in another moment the broad form of Farmer Wilmot filled the doorway.

"Here, my lads," said he, "it isn't often I give you a treat; but as I've sold my whate and got a good price for it, and as, moreover, this be my son's birthday, I'll give 'ee something to drink his health."

He placed several pieces of silver in the girl's hand, and said:

"Give it 'em out in the sixpenny, my little maid, and then what they do drink will do 'em good."

The rustics gave a loud cheer, and thanked him again and again for his generosity.

He appeared to be well known to all present, with the exception of Peace, who never remembered to have seen him before.

"Good-bye, lads, and don't mek beasts on yourselves. Ale, in moderation, won't hurt anyone; but too much on it is good for no man. Good night to all."

And with these words the honest farmer mounted his grey mare, which was standing at the door of the hostelry, and trotted off in company with two friends, similarly mounted.

"I be downright glad he's sold his whate," said one of the rustics. "He ain't all eyes and ears like some measters, and he knows how to let a poor man off his first fault."

"He was one of us once, ye see, sir," said another, addressing himself to Peace. "He's bin taught to eat poor man's bread and to do poor man's work, and he knows what it is as comforts a poor man's heart. It is only such as he as pities the poor. The rich and idle don't pity, know not what hard work, nor hunger, nor sufferin's loike."

"Ay, that be true enough," said Nat. "He's as good as gold, an' his 'art be in the right place."

"I hope he'll get home safe and sound," said Peace; "but I suppose there ain't many robbers about this part?"

"Lord love ye, no—never a one!" cried several voices.

"You've forgotten young Measter Boucher," quavered the aged Nat. "I be an old man, but I mind things better nor you do, seemingly. He was a-drivin' home from Bilstoke Fair, and just as he was a-goin' up a bit of a hill, with trees on both sides, he felt heavy on his chest, as if he had a fit comin' on, only instead of a fit it was a stout rope, which two men held across the road, and tiddled him over out of his gig. And when he was down they was on him in a minnit, and plundered him of his watch and ten yellow sovereigns."

"That's the story he went home and told his mother," said Nell scornfully, "but I can pretty well guess how it was. Some of them flaunting hussies got and colly-fogled him into the booths to dance with 'em, and while he wer' a-thinkin' how pretty he wer' a-doin' his steps, whip! goes his money and watch out of his pocket into theirs."

This speech was greeted with roars of laughter.

"Ah, Nell, thee be'est a knowin' one!" cried several.

A portion of the beer the farmer had paid for was now brought in by the little waitress. It was handed round in brown mugs to the company. The farmer's health was drunk, also that of his son.

Peace opened his folio of prints, plain and coloured.

Several were spread out upon the table, and regarded with curious and inquiring eyes by the occupants of the parlour.

Peace had pictures to please persons of different tastes. Some were bits of rustic scenery, farm-yards, horses ploughing, hay-making; others consisted of highly-coloured sporting subjects, such as hunting, ratting, and deer-stalking; but, as it would never do for an itinerant dealer in these commodities to confine himself to one particular class of art, he had specimens of every conceivable variety, suitable to persons of opposite taste; pictures addressed to persons of a devotional turn of mind formed a large element in his stock-in-trade. The Holy Family, the head of our Saviour, together with three young gentlemen in surplices, casting up their eyes, were there in abundance; also a young lady clinging to an impossible-looking cross, her garments dripping with wet, was another. This fine specimen was called "The Rock of Ages," the title of the young gentlemen in surplices being, "We Praise Thee, O Lord." He had also large photos of "The Light of the World," together with a variety of others of a similar character. These subjects went down with some of his customers, while others would not honour them with a cursory glance.

One print, entitled "The Labourers' Best Friends," was greatly admired by the frequenters of the Old Carved Lion.

The subjects represented were a substantial piece of fat bacon, a quartern loaf, half a cheese, a foaming tankard of ale, and a clay pipe.

"Ah, that be summut loike," exclaimed several, "I call that wonderfully natural, as real as life itself; I should loike to ha' that. How much be it, measter?"

"Cheap enough," answered Peace; "only half-a-crown."

"Umph! I wish it was in a frame."

"I'll undertake to frame any of my prints at cost price."

"Do un, now?"

"Yes, you can have a frame from a shilling to a sovereign—according to the quality."

"I'll come and sit by you," said Nell to Peace, "because you are a clever man, I'm thinking."

"I am very much flattered, I am sure," he answered with a smirk.

"So un ought to be," said another of the company. "It ain't many as Nell condescends to flatter."

A young peasant and peasantess, as Mark Twain would say, making eyes at one another after the approved fashion, attracted the young woman's attention.

"Now, I call that a wonderfully well done picture," said she.

"Do you like it?" asked Peace.

"Yes, very much."

"Well, then, I shall beg of you to accept it."

The girl coloured up, not rightly understanding his meaning.

"What be hesitating about, Nell?" said old Nat. "Don't ye understand it's given to you as a present?"

"Oh, I cannot think of having it without paying for it."

"But I desire you to do so—nay, I insist," cried Peace, rolling up the print in a sheet of paper, and handing it to the young woman.

"Oh, I didn't mean to beg it of you," said she.

"I know that—I give it to you of my own free will; so say no more about it."

This act of generosity produced a favourable impression on all present, and Peace became very popular. Several present bespoke prints, and after the whole of them had been inspected they were packed up and put aside for the rest of the evening.

The whole of the company then sat down to enjoy themselves, and, to say the truth, in their homely way they did so, very much more so than many of their betters.

"Ah, I yoosed to be mighty fond of picturs," said old Nat, "but, lord, I don't seem to ha' the taste for anything loike I had formerly. When a man gets old and well-nigh worn out he's not so easily pleased as the young 'uns—be he, measter?"

"Well, I suppose not, friend," returned Peace; "but we shall all get old and worn out if we live long enough—we ought not to forget that."

"Now, none of your croaking, Nat;" said a lusty young fellow. "You're good for many years yet. Come, jest give us a song, old man. Nat's been a foine singer in his time," observed the speaker in a whisper to Peace.

"Oh, I dare say."

"Fond of music, sir?" inquired another.

"Yes, I'm a bit of a musician myself. If our friend will oblige, I'll give you a tune or two upon the fiddle. I learnt to play when I was quite a boy."

This seemed to have a magic effect upon the villagers, who thumped the tables till the pots and glasses danced on the board.

"Will 'ee, though? Oh, that be grand!" exclaimed several. "Now, Nat, just mek a beginning."

"You must excuse me, sir, if I break down," said the old man apologetically; "I ain't what I yoosed to be."

"He's never satisfied unless he's telling us that," cried a voice. "Come, old man, fire away."

Old Nat cleared his throat with one or two preliminary ahems! and then, in a high treble, trolled a nautical ballad, the first verse of which described the loves of a youth and village maiden, who plighted their troth under a linden tree; the verse ended with a mournful refrain, which was as follows:

"Now this 'ere Jack he was hard-hearted,
Which no true lovyer ought for to be;
And this here Sal he soon desarted,
All for to sail on the salt sea."

The words of the ballad described the anguished feelings of the forlorn and broken-hearted girl, who wanders about her old haunts in the village in a half demented state—for never a word does she hear from her cruel and heartless lover.

There is, it would appear, very good reason for this, for the ship in which the young man sailed foundered at sea, and Jack was cast upon a tropical island, where he remained for three years.

At the expiration of that time he was taken on board a passing vessel, and returned home to find his Sal dead beneath the turf in the village churchyard.

The pathetic ditty concludes thus: The young sailor is supposed to be addressing some villagers assembled in the churchyard:

"Says this 'ere Jack, with deep emotion
'In this world there's now no rest for me;
My poor Sal's heart I've surely broken,
All through my sailing on the salt sea.'"

It was evident enough that old Nat must have had at one time a sweet and sympathetic voice, and even in his decline there was something of it remaining.

"Excellent! Admirably sung!" exclaimed Peace. "I'm quite delighted with your voice and your manner of singing."

"I must not stop any longer," Nell remarked. "I expect I shall catch it as it is. Good night to all!" And with these words she tripped out of the room.

The landlord now entered. "Ye be making merry to-night, friends," said he.

"Ah! surely it's a poor heart as never rejoices. Sit down, Brickett, we ain't goin' to let 'ee off."

The host of the Old Carved Lion did as he was bid.

"Yo've got a bit o' a musician here among ye," he observed, with a merry twinkle in his eye as he glanced at Peace.

"Yes," said old Nat; "another Paganini—that's what the gentleman be."

"How do you know? You never heard Paganini," returned the landlord.

"Ain't I? That's all you know about it. I remember my poor feyther a-taken me to the theatre when the great fiddler gave a morning performance, and there was a sight of people there surely—and that be a few years ago."

"And what was it loike?"

"Oh, wonderful—never heard anything equal to it. Not but what our friend here is very good and plays a deal in his style. Any more beer to come in, Mr. Landlord?"

"Yes, the farmer's money ain't all run out. Will ye ha' the remainder in now, or stop till you get it?"

This venerable joke seemed to be relished by the customers. The beer was brought in, which was relished still more.

"Now, Nat," said a young fellow, "here's a pot o' beer for 'ee if ye'll sing another song. How will ye have it, hob or nob?"

"Hob" is beer placed on the hob to warm; "nob," beer on the table.

"None of your warm beer for me!" cried Nat. "Don't 'ee know what my uncle used to say? When my back won't warm my bed, sed he, and when my belly won't warm my beer, sed he, it's time I were gone, 'cos I ain't no yoose to the world, and the world ain't no yoose to me."

"That's a good saying, I don't doubt, but pitch us a stave, old man."

"The landlord's got more staves than any on us here. Ask him."

"Ah! let's hear Brickett!" cried several.

"I ain't a-goin' to make any fuss about the matter," said the landlord; "I'll do my best."

"Brayvo, brayvo!"

"So here goes while my head's hot:

"Come where the heather bell.
Child of the Highland dell," etc.

"That's something like, Brickett. You've sung it better than ever, and it's a rattling good ditty!" cried a voice. "Here's your health, and long life to 'ee."

A large amount of "brown October" had been consumed by this time, and some of the company were giving indications of being nearly "three sheets in the wind."

There had not been such a merry-making at the Carved Lion for many a day; this was attributable in the first place to the liberal supply of beer furnished by the farmer who had sold his wheat, and in the second to the presence of Peace, who fraternised with the rustics in a free and easy manner, which to them was quite charming.

Brickett knew pretty well when his customers had had enough, and he was, therefore, somewhat anxious for some of them to make a move.

Peace was asked to favour them with a little more music—a request he at once acceded to. When he had concluded the landlord touched him on the shoulder, and Peace followed him into the bar-parlour.

"They're a merry set of fellows," said he, "but it's almost time for them to give over for to-night."

"Certainly," returned our hero. "I'm quite of your opinion. We've had a very pleasant evening—let it now be brought to a conclusion."

"They'll never go away as long as they hear the fiddle going. I know 'em too well for that."

"Then I won't play any more. Enough is as good as a feast; besides, I'm tired, and shall be glad to get rest."

"I'll go in and wish 'em good night, and then retire to my bedroom."

"Don't do so on my account."

"No, but I shall upon my own."

Peace went back into the parlour, and told the company that he needed repose, and was about to retire; he wished them all good night. There was a vast amount of shaking of hands, and reiterated expressions of gratitude and friendship, after which Peace was permitted to take his leave, with the understanding that he was to join them on the following evening.

In less than half an hour after he had retired the parlour of the Carved Lion was tenantless.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Our itinerant print-seller did not want any rocking that night; he had walked many miles in the course of the day, and was dead beat. He did not wake until morning.

Upon leaving his bedchamber he found his breakfast laid in a large apartment on the first floor, called the club-room.

PEACE, AS A BOY, LEARNS TO PLAY THE FIDDLE.

Peace was shown into the room by the little maiden who officiated as waitress. She was a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed girl of about fifteen or sixteen summers.

A substantial breakfast was served; this our hero did full justice to, after which he arose and examined the pictures on the walls. While thus engaged the landlord entered to pay his respects to his guest.

"The top of the morning to thee, friend," said Brickett, "I hope you had a good night's rest?"

"Yes, thank you; excellent," returned Peace. "You've got some fairish things here in the way of art," he added carelessly.

"Some on 'em are not bad—so I've been told. My poor father took great delight in picking up pictures and such-like at sales. He was a better judge nor what I am."

"Some of them are very good, indeed, and some of them, of course, are indifferent. This one must always expect in a miscellaneous collection, but the frames are a little the worse for wear."

"I've bin goin' to have 'em done up ever so many times, but, lord, it 'd run into money, I fancy."

"Not much," returned his visitor musingly; "not a great deal, I fancy. If I stop here for a while I'd give you an estimate."

"And don't you think of stopping?" inquired the landlord, who was much taken with our hero

"Well, that depends upon what business I am likely to do in the neighbourhood. I shall be able to tell you more about it to-morrow or next day."

"Good, I hope un 'ill be successful; we've got a goodish many well-to-do folks about here."

A thin, short man, in a rusty suit of black, with dark-rimmed spectacles, now ascended the stairs and entered the room.

This personage was the parish clerk

"Your servant, sir," said the landlord to the new-comer.

"We shall want the room on Monday next Brickett," said the clerk.

"It is at your disposal, Mr. Overton."

Brickett now introduced Peace to the gentleman in rusty black, and made him acquainted with his occupation.

"From London, sir, I presume?"

"Yes, from London," answered the print-seller. In expeditions of this sort he invariably gave people the idea that he had come direct from the metropolis. As a rule country folk paid greater attention to one hailing from the great city

"Show Mr. Overton some of your goods. He be a judge of such-like commodities," said the landlord, who at all times displayed a willingness to further the interests of his customers.

Peace's stock, or rather a considerable portion of it, was at once brought forth.

The parish clerk's attention was directed more especially to the sacred subjects. He inquired the price of the large photo of "The Light of the World." It was Peace's practice to lay it on a bit, as he termed it, when he found the fish bite; and he did not neglect to do so on this occasion

Mr. Overton had made up his mind to have the photo, but he shrugged his shoulders and said he was a poor man.

"Well," said our hero, "I want to do business. "Is there any other you would like?"

After a deal of consideration the clerk chose another.

"Well, I'll let you have the two for eighteen shillings. That's the lowest I can say for them," cried Peace.

"Then I'll have them," said Mr. Overton.

"And would you like them framed?"

"Oh, of course, I must have frames for them."

"Of an ecclesiastical character?"

"It would be all the better."

"I will do you the frames cheaper than anybody—that is, if I can get enough orders to make it worth my while to stop in the neighbourhood for a few days."

Mr. Overton paid for the prints, and the framing of the same was a matter to be considered hereafter. He then took his departure.

"Bagged one bird!" exclaimed the landlord, slapping Peace familiarly on the shoulder. "You mark my words—it'll bring 'ee luck, an' ye won't regret stopping at the Old Carved Lion."

"I should like to stop as long as possible, seeing that its landlord is such a good sort."

"You'll do a decent stroke of business afore you leave."

"I hope so."

Peace now shouldered his pack, whistled to his dog Gip, and sallied forth. He paid a visit to some of the shops in the neighbourhood, and disposed of some prints and photos.

The prices he obtained for them were so low that he did not get much profit, but it was better than nothing, and kept trade moving.

He called at several private houses, and at some he was very successful. He returned to the Old Carved Lion in the afternoon, deposited his pack, and had a late dinner.

Taken altogether he came to the conclusion that matters were by no means unpromising.

Towards evening he went for a stroll to learn a little more of the neighbourhood.

As he was taking his way through a long lane he met the girl whom the occupants of the parlour had called Nelly.

There was of course a mutual recognition.

"Well," said our hero, "how did you get on last night? Did you get scolded when you returned home?"

"No," answered Nelly, tossing her head contemptuously. "It was only my fun. Aunt seldom scolds me; she knows I won't stand it."

"Oh! you live with your aunt—do you? Ah! I wish I was your aunt."

"Why?"

"Then I should have a merry, cheerful companion."

"Get out, talking such foolishness," cried the girl.

"I'm not joking—I am very serious."

"Do you take me for a fool?"

"No, anything but that. But I am glad we've met. You'll be able to tell me all about the people in the neighbourhood, and can be of great service to me if you will."

"If I will? What do you mean?"

"Why, in the way of business, you know."

"Oh, I didn't understand you; but what does that matter? Are you going to stop here—at the Lion, I mean?"

"I'm not going away just yet. I want to see a little more of you."

"You are such a funny man, and tell such droll stories! Where did you come from?"

"London, my dear, from London. Did you like the print?"

"Oh, yes, ever so much."

"You'll like it better when it's framed. Bring it to the Lion and I will frame it for you."

"What will it cost?"

"Do you want to know?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll tell you if you'll pay for it now. It will cost just this."

He put his arms around the damsel's neck, and imprinted on her lips a kiss. They were ripe and ruddy, and he felt that he was amply paid.

"Oh, you wretch!" exclaimed the girl; "you've got the impudence of the old gentleman, you audacious fellow. I don't like you at all, not a bit! How dare you?"

"Now don't be angry, my pretty Nell," said Peace, in a wheedling tone. "For the life of me I could not resist the temptation. Forgive me."

"You're a nasty, impudent fellow, that's what you are."

While Peace had been indulging in this little innocent flirtation a lusty young fellow had been watching the two from an adjacent meadow. He ground his teeth with rage and clenched his fists in a threatening manner, but both our hero and the girl were ignorant of his being near the spot.

"Now," said Peace, "whither are you going?"

"I don't want your company, and won't have anything to say to you."

"You're very unkind. I thought we were friends."

The girl looked surprised. Peace spoke in such a mournful tone that she hardly knew what to make of him.

Was he in earnest, or only jesting?

"Well," he added, "if you won't have anything to say to me, so be it—these things are hard to bear."

"Get along, man," exclaimed the girl. "What on earth are you talking about? Are you daft? I'll go my way and you go yours."

"So be it, then; but you'll bring me the picture to frame? I have another and a better one for you, remember that. Good evening—good-bye, Nell."

"You've got my name pat enough. Good night."

She held out her hand, Peace grasped it with ardour, and again bade her good-bye.

She passed through the lane with rapid steps—he watched her as she proceeded along.

When she had gone a couple of hundred yards or so, he followed at a respectful distance.

"She's a charming creature, so impulsive, so ingenuous, but I won't bother her any more just now. She's a little nettled, but she'll come to, I don't doubt that. She's not one to bear malice, or to sulk either, if I read her character rightly."

He let her go her way, and turned out of the lane into a bridle road which ran at right angles with it.

At this time he had not the remotest idea as to who and what she was, but he knew there would not be much difficulty in ascertaining all about her, either from Brickett himself or one of the frequenters of his house.

Peace walked about the locality for half an hour or more after the girl's departure, and noted all the leading residences in the neighbourhood. Although but a village he had passed through, it was a long, straggling one, and was more densely populated than he had at first supposed.

He now returned and bent his steps in the direction of the Carved Lion.

When within a couple of hundred yards or so of that well-known "house of entertainment for man and beast," he was suddenly confronted by a powerful-looking rustic who sprang out of an adjacent copse.

The fellow was an ugly-looking customer, and the expression of his ill-favoured countenance denoted that he meant mischief.

"Well," said our hero, "what might be your pleasure?"

"You be's the man I ha' bin a waitin' and watchin' for, and now I've got 'ee."

"Much obliged, I'm sure; and pray, now that you have got me, as you are pleased to term it, what may be the nature of your business?"

"I'll soon let 'un know that," returned the rustic, turning up his cuffs. "I intend to ha' it out wi' 'ee."

Peace was puzzled to understand the man's meaning or his intent. He was at first under the impression that he meant robbery.

"Now, look here, my man," said our hero, in a much more serious tone of voice. "I'll tell you frankly I'm not going to submit to impudence from an ignorant yokel like you, and if you don't get out of the way I'll mark you, big as you are. Are you drunk, mad, or what?"

"I'm neither; but 'ee don't come betwixt me and my gal, not if I know it."

"If you give me any more of your impudence I'll chastise you on the spot."

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed the other mockingly, "you chastise—well, dang it, that be a good 'un; we'll soon see who's the best man of the two."

And with those words the speaker up with his fist and delivered a straightforward blow. It was as strong as a horse's kick, and had it taken effect as the countryman intended, it would certainly have gone hard with our hero. Peace, who had been expecting the attack, warded it off, and sprang back some three or four yards; he then ducked his head and ran with all his force full butt at the chest of his powerful antagonist.

The effect was magical; the man was sent reeling, and fell on his back full length on the hard road. He was partially stunned by the fall, but recovering himself a little, he rose to his feet. Peace did not give him time to pull himself together, but again ducking his head and running forward with all his might he again laid his foe prostrate.

(To be continued.)

Satanic Saghalien

SOME ACCOUNTS OF THE BARBARITIES OF THE RUSSIAN PENAL SYSTEM.

"There is a tyranny of blood and chains."
—BYRON, "Sardanapalus," Act I., Scene 2.

THOUGH it is five years and more since exile to the dreary wastes of Siberia was removed from the Russian Penal Code, the man in the street still believes that offenders against the Tzar are deported and forced to spend a lifetime of solitude and sorrow on the sunless steppes. Ask a Russian if his convicts are exiled, and he will indignantly exclaim that the old, barbarous days are gone and that the Russian prisoner is treated only a little less indulgently than the New York "crook," who expiates his offences by playing cards and editing a prison journal in the healthy station of Sing Sing. At least, that is what the educated Russian told one till a few months ago. Now their attitude has been changed, and if any mention is made of convicts the Muscovite, fearful lest his remarks may be overheard by one of the innumerable spies of the Russian Government, turns the conversation, and, if forced to reply, merely mutters, "The whole thing makes me sick!" This extraordinary attitude has been brought about by the publication of a book dealing with the entire working and mismanagement of the Russian Penal Settlement at Saghalien, written by an author named Doroshevitch, who spent some months on the island studying the theoretical punishments ordained by the Russian Law and getting acquainted with the practical brutality of the fiends who have the supervision of the convicts. The book accidentally passed the Censor, and when once its true import and the awful charges which it made against the humanity of the "Peace-loving Tsar" were realised attempts were made to suppress it, and it became criminal even to hint at the existence of Saghalien.

At present the capital penalty is not recognised in Russia, and the murderer is sent to Saghalien for penal servitude. All really serious offenders, such as we should send to Portland or Dartmoor, are deported to the Island of Saghalien, and once there they become the prey, body and soul, of the demons in charge of that most dismal of all spots.

Saghalien, as our readers know, is a large island lying in the Sea of Okotsk, to the north of Japan. Its climate is most rigorous, the ground being frozen and snow-bound right up to the end of May. The country bordering on the sea is hilly, covered with dense vegetation, but the interior of the island is one vast morass, known as The Tiger, into which the poor felons frequently make their escape, preferring to perish in the dismal swamp to being slowly tortured to death by the officials charged with the conduct of the settlement.

Convicts are sent to the land of their exile on board vessels belonging to the Russian Volunteer Navy, setting sail from Odessa either in the spring or the autumn, and landing at their new place of confinement after a voyage of about two months' duration. Each boat carries some thousand prisoners, packed into large iron cages, sanitation and decency being entirely disregarded.

On arrival at Saghalien the treatment of the convicts depends on whether they have been voluntarily accompanied by their wives or not. Should the prisoner have his wife with him he is permitted to spend the first two years of his exile in making a home for himself in the colony. He is not expected to do any work nor is he bound to do more than report himself at the office at regular intervals. At the end of that time it is presumed that he has been able to make a homestead for his family, clearing a patch of the jungle away and laying out a tiny farm. Then his services are requisitioned, and he has to labour a certain number of hours per day for the benefit of the Government.

If the prisoner has no female relatives with him, then he is turned into a horrible prison and kept there for the first two years, and as the majority of convicts come under this category, we will describe the ordinary prison day, which begins in the evening, when all prisoners are mustered and the work to be done by them on the morrow is apportioned. That done, the superior warders make their reports to the governor, and the prisoners who have been reported on by the officials are called up to answer the charges against them. Needless to say, the word of a convict is never taken, nor is he allowed to make any defence whatsoever. Thus a warder has it in his power to pay out any grudges he may have against those under him. I have before me an account of a convict who had ten years' penal servitude added to his sentence by the governor without trial for having answered back to his warder! Prayers, which follow this mock trial, are held in the open courtyard, and then the prisoners are counted and turned into cells for the night. Here it may be mentioned that the prisons are so filthy and infested with vermin that M. Doroshevitch had regularly to burn the garments he had worn after each visit to the gaols!

At five in the morning, winter or summer, the convicts are mustered in the courtyard, the piercing wind freezing them, for most are but poorly clad in rags. Roll-call over, the prisoners are formed into a hollow square round a "triangle," known to the Russians as "the mare," on to which those convicts who have been unable to complete their tasks the previous day, or who have been reported by the brutal warders, are hoisted. The executioner, sometimes a convict, more often a blood-thirsty warder, steps forward, carrying in his hand a fearful knout, a whip with horsehide thongs, hardened to the consistency of steel, and clotted with

Declined to have anything to do with him.

the gore of the thousands on whose backs it has been plied. In the presence of the assembled felons the victims are lashed and lashed, and lashed, till the blood streams down their backs, and they faint from exhaustion. Snow is rubbed into the gaping wounds, a little Vodki, or native brandy, is forced between their clenched teeth, and they are revived, only to be compelled to work for the day as if nothing had

happened. Should a prisoner die beneath the lash, his death is entered on the prison register as resulting from exhaustion "due to the climate," and the governor knows that no convict's word would be listened to if he dared to tell the truth even in Russia.

Encouraged by the sight of this savage punishment, the convicts are then dismissed to their labours until the evening, only a few moments' respite for food being permitted in the middle of the day.

Bad as is this treatment, this is one of the most humane prisons on the island. We will now glance at the "fettered prison" where men are sent at the arbitrary will of the governor. True, the Russian Government has laid down laws regulating the punishments to be inflicted on refractory convicts, but these laws are totally ignored by the authorities on Saghalien, who know that accounts of their doings cannot even reach the ears of the world. They had not calculated on the publication of M. Doroshevitch's book, and now they are busy attempting to get prisoners to deny that they ever were unkind to them. The governor of the

In this prison there is absolutely no ventilation, nor is the place ever washed. Since it is devoid of the veriest elements of sanitation, no great effort of the imagination is necessary to picture what the interior is like. In this fetid den it is not to be wondered at that convicts with their backs flayed by the cruel knout, and their limbs cut and bruised by the fetters, frequently develop gangrene and blood-poisoning, and are freed from their servitude by death.

At various spots over the island are to be found small prisons under the care of ignorant Russians who have gained their positions as "smotreetelee," or governors, by means of bribery, and each of these arrogant martinets strives to outdo his fellow officials in brutality. There are hospitals on the island, and surely one would think that in the breasts of the doctors, at least, one would find some pity. But no; the life of a convict is regarded as not nearly so valuable as the life of a dog, and the doctors are quite as brutal as their civilian comrades. Here is a sample of how they treat the felons:

Not long ago a convict, while unloading one of the pro-

"YOU HAVE ONLY HALF STRIPPED THEM."

island is much alarmed at the charges made against him, and lives in momentary dread of the inquiry into his conduct which it is said the Russian Government has ordered.

In the "fettered prison" are confined men who are said to have committed serious breaches of the prison rules. Some are laden with heavy irons which render movement a burden; others are chained to blocks of wood, and again we find some undergoing the barbarous punishment which the fiends of Saghalien invented—being chained to a heavy wheelbarrow eighty pounds in weight, which he has to take with him wherever he goes for three or four years. Not even to sleep is the barrow removed, and the spirit even of the most determined man is speedily broken down by such treatment. So dreadful is the punishment, preventing the prisoner from resting, that they endeavour in every way to get rid of the barrows, and by means of soaping or greasing their ankles they sometimes are able to force the rings of their chains over their feet, suffering untold agony in the process, and thus snatch a few hours' sleep in the month. They know that on the morrow they will be lashed, and will be forced to bear their irons on swollen limbs, but the prospect of a little rest makes this seem light!

vision ships, had his head split open and his brains exposed. He was taken to the nearest hospital, where the doctor saw him. Admitting that the man was in a very critical condition, and needing immediate attention, the medico declined to have anything to do with him, as he belonged to a station some ten miles distant. "I cannot be bothered with patients from X," was his comment. So the wretched man was laid on a board and dragged over the frozen snow to the hospital of his own station. Of course on the way there he died. In due course the doctor who had attended, or rather declined to attend to him, heard of this, and his comment was, "He ought to have belonged to my station, the pig!"

Female convicts, too, are exiled to Saghalien. Their treatment is different to that of the men. It would be impossible for us to describe in detail the indignities to which they are subject. We can, however, point out that all sense of decency is killed in a very few days. According to the custom of Satanic Saghalien, half the female prisoners who are sent thither are retained as concubines for the Russian officers. The other half are given openly to the male convicts who may feel inclined to colonise, and so get away from the fetor and filth of the prison buildings. Suppose a convict wishes to get

out of the prison, and he is not one of those whom the governor delights to lash or load with chains, then he applies to the tyrant, and if possible adds a little money to back up his request, if he can get any from his friends. He is told that he may commence as a colonist, and "to keep him moral!" a female prisoner is picked out at random and given to him as his mistress. Should she die, then he has only to inform the governor and another woman is doled out to him to satisfy his brutal lusts. That the poor woman may be married, and be the mother of children who are awaiting her return to liberty and to "Holy Russia," in no way affects the governor and his minions. She is a woman and she is a convict. That is enough for her. She must obey. Is it to be wondered at that the mortality among female convicts in Saghalien is appalling? That is as much as decency permits us to say of the female convicts of Saghalien. And it is enough!

Not so long ago the governors of Saghalien were empowered to hold a species of trial and condemn to death those who had mutinied against their warders. Inflictions of the capital punishment were common, and an investigation was made, when it was found that the convicts used deliberately to commit offences punishable with death in order to escape from the brutal treatment to which they were subjected. What was the result? Was the prison code mitigated, or were the officials compelled to desist from their unauthorised tortures? Not a bit. Instead of that, the greatest ingenuity was exercised to invent fresh methods of making life an intolerable burden for those who dared to rebel; so that, according to Russian logic, the temptation to commit serious offences was removed.

Here is a little sample of how the governors treat their charges: Governor L——, finding that one day the warders had reported no one for punishment, was disappointed, as he had been accustomed to have thirty or forty convicts knouted each morning. So he wandered round among the prisoners at work, and noticing a little irregularity in the dress of one of the convicts, yelled at him, "Come here, you scourings of the cess pit! What's that you have got on? It looks as if your coat is torn!"

"Yes, your excellency."

"What? How did it get torn?"

"At work, your excellency."

"You expect me to believe that? You never work. Dog! Weasel! Polecat! Why haven't you mended it?"

"I had no material, excellency."

"What, you offal! you d——d dungheap! You should have used your veins to sew it up. Cut off a piece of your skin, you hound, and patch that coat. Do you hear? I will have you stripped and cut to pieces. You shall be torn like your coat. Here, executioner, strip this unutterable blackguard and hoist him up on the mare. Flay him till there is no skin left whole between his waist and his neck!" And the governor actually stood and watched the punishment inflicted, and then, because the poor, wretched convict complained of the agony, increased the sentence. "Strip off all the skin from his knees to his waist! I'll teach him to murmur!" Beaten till he was a mass of bleeding wounds, the convict died, and in due course was entered in the register as succumbing to "the climate."

Yet another sample. Ivan Ivanovitch was one day unable to go to his work. He was a colonist, and lived in company with Anna, the wife of a Russian gentleman, who had forgotten herself one day and committed a crime which sent her to Saghalien. She went to the office and reported that her "prison husband" was too ill to do his hours of labour, and asked that the doctor might come and see him. That morning the governor was in a bad temper, and the list of prisoners down to be flogged was rather low, so he said he would come and see the convict. This he did, accompanied by a gang of prisoners. Entering the hut, he cried out, "Ivan, you scullion, come out!" Anxious to obey the great man, the wretched Ivan did as he was told, though he could hardly walk. "There, you see!" exclaimed the governor. "Ivan is only shamming. He can walk; therefore he can work. And Anna is lying. Here, executioner, strip them both and tie them up to that tree." He waited, and, when they were seized up, yelled, "Executioner, I told you to strip them both; you have only half stripped them!" So the two were denuded of all their clothes, and suspended by their hands to a branch, stark naked. "Now lash them both!" shouted the fiendish official. The executioner commenced to do so, but his efforts did not find favour with the governor, who snatched the knout out of his hands, gave him two or three cuts for not having done his duty properly, and then commenced to flog the two quivering bodies before him, making coarse jests as he stung up some hitherto untouched part. "There, you swine!" he shouted, when he was tired, and when his victims were covered with blood; "that will teach you not to attempt to impose upon me!" Off he walked, leaving the two bruised and torn creatures still hanging on the tree, though the snow was on the ground. Some hours later he gave orders for them to be let down. As might be expected, the man "succumbed to the climate," but the woman recovered. Her time for returning to Russia drew near, and one day the governor remembered the little scene outside the hut, and grew frightened, for it was not improbable that the word of the Russian gentleman's wife might possibly be believed in "Holy Russia." So he ordered her up for punishment again, and had her lashed, repeating the dose several days later, and so continued his brutality until she, too, "succumbed to the climate," and he felt safe again.

To get out of the power of governors of this type, is it to be wondered at that the convicts sometimes become goaded to desperation and mutiny? Could we blame them for making every effort to escape from the clutches of such devils in human shape? The fate of those who flee is generally the worst. In the fastnesses of "The Tiger" they manage to hide during the summer months, and can get sufficient food to keep body and soul together. But soon the long northern winter comes down, and the animals can no longer be trapped. The snow covers up the roots which they might subsist on, and the cold makes the pangs of hunger more acute. They fight against the dreadful alternative to death for some time, but gradually their reason gives way, and one morning they kill a man and eat him! Thus are made the cannibals of Saghalien. Lurking in the dense forests on the edge of the swamps, they become a menace to all who have to move about the island unprotected, pouncing out on their victims, and killing them for the sake of the food their flesh affords. Bands of warders hunt them down whenever they seem to be getting numerous, and, when captured, their life is made one long misery for them. The barrow, the fetters, and the lash are their portion until the day when death releases them. But, as the cannibals are generally devoid of reason, it is to be hoped that the wretched creatures are not sensible to all that they suffer under the thongs of the governors of Saghalien.

Here our readers have a slight sketch of the Russian Model Convict Station at Saghalien, an institution which, till quite recently, the world was informed was humanitarian to a degree, and which the wily Muscovite pointed to as proof that he had been converted from the cruel instincts which led him to exile offenders. It will be seen that never in the very worst days of Siberia were the exiles treated with such utter barbarity or with less hope of redress. This is only another proof of the statement made so often by people of every nationality that the Russian is but a savage with the veneer of a gentleman.

Roman Administration.

SEVERUS, the Roman Emperor, would never allow any office of trust, especially a judgeship, to be sold, remarking that he who bought would also sell. It was one of the maxims of this monarch that the majesty of the empire was to be supported by virtue, and not by the ostentatious display of wealth and power.

The Stolen Francs.

SOME years ago an artilleryman stationed at St. Mihiel, in France, was suspected of stealing money; but no evidence could be adduced against him. Very shortly afterwards he was taken suddenly ill and died. As the man's death appeared to result from some unknown cause, a post-mortem examination took place, when it was discovered that the soldier had swallowed the missing money. The stomach contained no less than twenty-one twenty-franc pieces!

For a Sheep as a Lamb!

A MAN was once tried before Justice Wightman, at Leicester Assizes, with stealing a lamb, and the counsel for the defence made a stirring speech on behalf of his client, and confidently looked forward to a verdict of acquittal.

It was in the bad old hanging days, and sheep or horse-stealing was still a capital offence.

The gentleman who was conducting the case for the Crown observed that the prisoner was a stupid sort of individual, who might be relied upon to betray himself if afforded an opportunity.

"Why did you steal this lamb?" he asked, with startling abruptness, and the prisoner replied, without hesitation: "'Cause there was no sheep about." The barrister turned triumphantly to the judge, who remarked quietly: "Well, you know the old saying, 'One may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb'!"

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF CASANOVA.

A THRILLING STORY OF THE INQUISITION.

"It is a lie—their Priests, their Pope,
Their Saints, their . . . all they fear or hope
Are lies, and lies—there! through my door
And ceiling, there! and walls and floor
There, lies, they lie—shall still be hurled
Till spite of them I reach the world!"
—ROBERT BROWNING, "The Confessional."

PART II.

WHEN Casanova awoke from his sleep, which had been induced by the prostration into which he fell for the want of drink and food, it was nearly four o'clock in the morning. Being July, the day was beginning to dawn. So dazed was he that at first he could not recall the events of the past twenty-four hours, until, looking out through the bars of his prison, he saw the outline of the Church of St. Mark's, when all the horrors of his position flooded into his mind. In his "Memoirs," which are before us, he reverts to his thoughts of that unhappy morning, and writes as follows:

"My self-examination as to what I could have done to merit such a fate as being cast into the Inquisition was not a long one. I was a libertine, a gambler, a bold speaker, and in the habit of thinking only how I might best enjoy life as it passed; but in all this I discovered no State crime. Still, at finding myself treated as a criminal, I was boiling with rage and despair against the abominable despotism which oppressed me. . . . I was burning for vengeance, and frankly owned it to myself. I pictured myself at the head of the populace, preparing to exterminate the Government which had oppressed me; I massacred every aristocrat without mercy. Everything should be ground to powder. I was delirious with fever. I knew the authors of my woes, and in fancy I destroyed them. . . . In short, I was building castles in the air. Such is man when abandoned to the impetus of violent passion; it never occurs to him that the impulse which prompts him is not reason; but its greatest foe, rage."

About half-past five o'clock in the morning, when the rage of this young man who had always enjoyed his liberty was giving place to despair, he heard the keys rattle in the door, which was then thrown open, and his gaoler appeared. His name was Lorenzo, and he was a man with by no means an unkind face, although there was a cunning expression in his small, black eyes.

"Have you had time to consider what you will eat?" he asked Casanova, in a harsh voice.

And here it may be remarked that in those days of the Inquisition the aristocratic prisoners were allowed to have pretty well what they pleased in the way of food and wines by paying for them, and that permission was also given them to furnish their cells with all necessaries, the exceptions being knives, forks, razors, or any sharp instrument with which they could do damage to themselves or use in an attempt to escape or attack upon the gaolers. Books were permitted of a certain class. In fact, but for the loss of liberty, the confined space, an abominable heat, and foul atmosphere, and the uncertainty of torture, the Inquisition would compare well with our modern prisons at which those on remand are confined.

Casanova ordered a good meal, having placed some gold coins in the hands of Lorenzo, and after refreshing himself, and taking a good draught of wine, calmed down a bit and began to look the situation more calmly in the face. He never for a moment dreamed that he would be detained there for any lengthened period, but he was doomed to disappointment.

Day after day passed by, and he had no tidings from the outer world, no communication with his captors, no charge was preferred against him, and he saw nobody but Lorenzo, who visited his cell but once a day, and from whom he found it impossible to get any information.

Weeks passed away like this, and the strain upon the strong young man's mind began to tell. He was taken with a low fever, and unable to rise from his bed. On the gaoler visiting his cell, and finding the food untouched, he caused a doctor to be sent to him, who found him in a very bad state. The first thing he did was to bleed him, physic him, and provide him with little delicacies. His strong constitution did the rest, and pulled him through in the course of a week. The effect of this indisposition was to gain him the privilege of taking exercise a couple of hours a day in the adjacent large and roomy attic, in which the heat was considerably less, and the air much purer. This privilege and the reading of the books which were brought to him, enabled him to suffer the imprisonment with more fortitude. Yet the fearful anxiety as to his ultimate fate was slowly but surely wearing him out.

This went on without anything to relieve the monotony until the commencement of November, when a strange incident happened. Casanova was slowly walking up and down the attic when he happened to glance at the great beam which partially excluded the light from his cell. He suddenly saw this beam cant over to the right, and with a reverse motion return to its former position. At the same moment Casanova lost his balance, whilst the two men who were cleaning his cell came hurrying out, having plainly felt the oscillation. They knew what it was. It could be nothing but a severe shock of earthquake, and a peculiar feeling of joy came over the prisoner, and he shouted out, "Un'altra! un'altra! Gran' Dio! Ma più forte!" ("Another! another! Great God! Only stronger!")

When another shock did come, the gaolers, horrified at Casanova calling upon the Almighty, slammed the attic door to and fled in terror at the impiety of the desperate madman. This shock of earthquake was a wave of that which destroyed Lisbon, and it gave the prisoner hope, for from that moment, infidel as he was, he thought of nothing else but effecting his escape, if not by the hands of Providence, by his own ingenuity and determination, assisted by Providence. He even prayed.

Left by himself, he surveyed the apartment in which he had been so unceremoniously left, for his custodian had not waited to lock him in his cell again as usual. At the end of this den of rats he saw a quantity of old furniture, and amongst it two large cases, one containing papers, cardboard, uncut pens, and balls of string, the other was nailed down. But what chiefly attracted Casanova's attention was a bolt of iron about eighteen inches long and as thick as a thumb; also a piece of marble six inches by three and about an inch thick. These two articles he took possession of and hid them in his cell, the bolt under the seat of his arm-chair, and the marble beneath his shirts in the alcove.

And now, before detailing the method of Casanova's escape and flight from the "Piombi," or "leads," of the Inquisition, it will be necessary to briefly describe these "attics under the leads" in which State prisoners are incarcerated. They were nothing more nor less than the lofts at the top of the Ducal Palace, and derive their name from the sheets of lead which form the roof. The only entrances are through the Palace doors, or through the State prisons, or, again, by the Bridge of Sighs. The approach must be made to them through the room where the Inquisitors of State sit, and the secretary alone keeps the key, which he hands over to the gaoler only for the short time—very early in the morning—during which he waits on the prisoners. This duty is performed at day-break, so that the Council of Ten should not be interrupted at their sitting.

These prisons are divided on the opposite sides of the Palace, three to the west—Casanova's being one of those—and three to the east. The gutter of the roof on the western side runs down into the courtyard; the other is exactly over the canal called Rio di Palazzo. On that side the dungeons are very light, and high enough to stand upright in, the others being too low, as already mentioned, to permit a man of ordinary height to do so in. The floor of Casanova's cell was immediately over the Inquisitors' room, where they

commonly met only at night after the daily sitting of the Council of Ten, they (three in number) being members of that Council.

Casanova, after he had been lodged in this stronghold for a few months, had become on very familiar terms with his gaoler, and had learnt the exact position in which his cell was placed, also the habits of the Inquisitors. Consequently he came to the conclusion that the only means of escape, or, at any rate, the only means likely to succeed, was to pierce through the floor of his cell. The first thing to do, therefore, was to provide a tool. Fortunately he had secured the bolt and the stone, so he set to work in real earnest. It was no easy task to sharpen this rude implement, for he had to rub the bolt on the marble for weeks before he made much impression on it, although, fortunately, he had plenty of oil, which was brought him for his salad. By dint of much labour that made a large wound in the palm of the right hand, which gave him intense pain, he ultimately succeeded in grinding the end of the long piece of iron to a point, producing eight facets of a pyramidical form, of which the point was perfect, the faces being an inch and a half long, in appearance like an octangular stiletto.

The next difficulty to overcome was to avoid detection as

"You have had time to consider"

soon as the work of cutting through the flooring commenced, for it was customary to have the cell swept out two or three times a week. For days and days Casanova turned this matter over in his mind, and at length hit upon an idea. He first of all told Lorenzo that the dust raised by his sweeping affected his lungs, and begged him not to do it. The gaoler remarked that he would obviate that by sprinkling water. This the prisoner strongly objected to, declaring that his cough at night was so bad that if the cell were made damp he was confident that he should be in a few days upon a bed of sickness.

Still Lorenzo persisted, until one morning he entered the cell and found Casanova still in bed, with a lot of blood upon the sheets and his lips. The prisoner declared that the water thrown about his cell and the dust which he had swallowed had brought about such a fit of coughing that he had broken a blood-vessel. Lorenzo, being alarmed, went straight off for the doctor, who came, shook his head, gave the patient medicine, and forbade the floor of the cell to be interfered with until the prisoner should have perfectly recovered, which he thought might take some few weeks.

Casanova had gained his point, and brought his implement thus early into use, for he had produced the blood which had deceived the doctor by pricking his hand with the improvised stiletto.

Now he would commence in real earnest.

It was certain, however, that he could only work in the night, when he might take it for granted that the Council would not be sitting, and that nobody would have access to their secret chamber. But how was that to be done without light, and candles or lamps were forbidden. Again that ingenuity which can be summoned only when the intellect is sharpened by necessity, served the prisoner. Making believe to be suffering from toothache, he told Lorenzo that he wanted a piece of pumice-stone, but, as he did not know what that was, he was informed that a piece of gun flint would answer the purpose; after soaking some time in vinegar, and then applied to the tooth, it would relieve the pain. Lorenzo replied that the vinegar he had for his salad would do, and gave him two or three pieces of flint. A strong steel buckle the prisoner wore would serve for a steel, so all he wanted was some tinder and sulphur. These articles puzzled him greatly. At length fortune came to the rescue.

He had a rash come out upon his body, so the doctor saw him and wrote the following prescription: "A day's fasting and four ounces of oil of almonds, or else an ointment of flowers of sulphur. But this external remedy is somewhat dangerous."

"A fig for danger," said Casanova. "Bring me some sulphur. I have some fresh butter here, and can mix it myself. Stay, have you some sulphur matches in your pocket? They will do equally well."

Lorenzo, only too willing to accommodate his prisoner now in anything not against the rules, for he was receiving many sums of money from him, gave him the matches. The next thing was the tinder. It was customary in those days to place under the arms of the silk and satin jackets what was known as German tinder, to keep the perspiration from showing through the delicate garments, and Casanova found some there.

Provided with everything now with which to procure a light, the next thing was to construct a lamp, which he did with a bottle, the oil he had for his salad, and cotton torn from his linen. Thus, having created, as it were, light in the depths of darkness, he determined to set to work at once.

The great and hazardous task he had set himself was interrupted many times, for he had no less than three companions to share his cell one after the other, and, of course, could not work at his self-imposed task in their presence. The delay was maddening, yet the patience Casanova displayed was astounding. During the intervals which occurred between the arrival and departure of his fellow-prisoners, he worked without taking a moment's rest, and the hairbreadth escapes he had from being detected would in themselves make a thrilling narrative, but it is too long to relate here, and we must pass over a hundred and one incidents of his attempts and failures. Suffice it to say that his first effort was not crowned with success, and the disappointment resulting from a misfortune which occurred would have deterred most men from making further attempts.

He had successfully made the opening, and had discovered by looking through small pinholes which he had pierced in the ceiling that he was over the very chamber he had expected. St. Augustine's Eve, August 27th, was the time he had determined upon to attempt the escape, and he had all in readiness. The ceiling wanted but breaking through. He was to make that bid for liberty which he had been longing for and arranging for since the shock of the earthquake many months before.

But exactly at noon on the 25th he heard a noise of bolts. It was Lorenzo. "I congratulate you, sir, on the good news I have brought you," said he.

Naturally, Casanova thought it was his release that had come at length, and he shuddered, for he knew only too well that his attempt at escape would be discovered, and that, according to the rules of this terrible Inquisition, the punishment would be death. But when he learned that he was only to change his cell for one lighter and more comfortable, his feelings may be better imagined than described. The work of months useless, and the punishment—— Well, he felt that the game was up, and for the moment lost his coolness and could scarcely stand. He begged that Lorenzo would go to the secretary and tell him that he would much rather remain in the same place until he was released.

"You make me laugh, sir. Are you gone mad?" said the gaoler. "You are to be released from this hell, and you refuse! Come, come; you must need obey. Get up, and I will give you an arm and have your clothes and your books brought you. Your new abode will be light and clean, and from the two windows you can see half Venice."

Casanova rose, muttering to himself, "Thank God, they will bring my arm-chair, fitted beneath the seat of which is my faithful iron bar. Would that I could carry away with

me my beautiful hole, the object of so much lost labour and wasted hopes."

He was left alone for upwards of two hours in his new abode, as might be imagined, in a state of great suspense. At length Lorenzo came to him and demanded to know where the implements were which he had used to dislodge the flooring. Casanova refused to admit that he had disturbed the cell, and declared that if he had done so the implements must have been supplied by him (Lorenzo), and that would be the only explanation he could give if he were questioned by the authorities. He also alluded to a balance of a couple of gold pieces which was to come to him as change; but which he requested his gaoler to spend in Masses for his soul.

No doubt Lorenzo thought that discretion was the best thing, so Casanova heard no more about the hole; but it was a long time before he recovered from his disappointment.

In the meanwhile, Signor Bragadino was doing his best to procure his young friend's release, but his efforts availed little further than making matters rather more comfortable, for he had bribed his gaoler, and that individual, feeling that Casanova had taken the whip hand over him concerning his attempt to escape, and being well supplied with money, gave him attentions which he would not otherwise have had.

CONVINCED SUPERNATURAL WORK WAS TAKING PLACE.

For instance, he changed books with Casanova and other of the State prisoners. One set came from a neighbouring cell, and on the title page of the first volume was written the word "latet" (hidden). On searching the book, he discovered in the back a paper neatly folded, with words to this effect written on it in Latin: "We are two in this cell, and we are delighted to find that the ignorance of our avaricious gaoler procures us a privilege which is unexampled in this place. I who write am Marino Balbi, a noble Venetian, and a friar of Somasco, and my companion is Count Andrea Asquino, of Undine, the chief town of Friuli. He bids me tell you that all the books he has, if you find the list in the back of this volume, are at your service; but I must warn you, signore, that we must take the greatest precautions to conceal our communications from Lorenzo."

Here was an unexpected opportunity of exchanging correspondence, and both parties availed themselves of it by the exchange of books until Casanova felt that he might trust his friends, whom he had never seen.

Paper and pencil had been slipped in one of the books, so our hero found no difficulty in writing as before, when he had to use the little finger-nail of the right hand, which he had trimmed with his sharp-pointed bolt into the form of a pen, using fruit juice for the ink.

It is impossible, with the space at our disposal, to mention a hundredth part of the scheming that went on between these prisoners, interesting and startling as many of them are, for we must hurry on to the great effort.

Now, it so happened that Casanova's new friends were in a cell immediately under the leads, or roof, next to him, and the only means he could devise for their escape was to obtain access to their cell and have them to prepare a means of exit through the ceiling. Naturally, it would be impossible for him to act, being under suspicion, so he suggested to Father Balbi (who, by the bye, had been consigned to the Inquisition four years previously for having broken his vows) that his instrument, which he still retained, should be conveyed to him, that he should induce the authorities to allow the count, who was immensely rich, to purchase some large pictures of holy subjects, which were to be placed on ceiling and walls to hide the progress of the work, and that the two of them were to commence operations during the night in making a hole through the wall to admit Casanova, and another through the ceiling, covering them towards morning with the pictures. Then, Casanova said, the rest would be easy.

This was agreed upon, for the priest was in great fear as to what would happen to him, and was willing to risk his life in the effort to escape. But the difficulty was in managing to get the sharpened bolt into their cell. At length Casanova thought of a plan. He remembered that just before his imprisonment an immense folio Bible had been issued at a very expensive figure, and, as far as he could remember, the bolt would fit in the back of it. So he gave Lorenzo the money to purchase the costly book, and, as good luck would have it, he, having learned from the gaoler that it was Father Balbi's birthday, determined to send the bolt by that means.

Imagine his disgust, however, when he found the bolt about two inches too long for the back of the book! Not to be beaten, he desired Lorenzo to bring him some hot maccaroni and certain ingredients, and he would with his own hands make a special dish for his friend on the occasion, and at the same time make him a birthday gift of the holy book.

On the day appointed, therefore, Lorenzo came with a huge dish of boiling hot maccaroni, and Casanova prepared the dish (which was considerably larger than the Bible), placed it on the book, which had the iron slipped in the back, and, filling the dish with butter to the edge, desired Lorenzo to carry the two presents into his friends next door. The ruse

succeeded, for the signal notifying that they had the tool was given by three coughs.

So far so good. They commenced their work at once. The pictures were placed, and night after night both men worked unceasingly; in a few days the hole in the ceiling was made, but it took weeks to make the communication through the wall, for every particle of rubbish had to be cleared away and secreted at the back of the pictures fastened on the ceiling.

At length all was ready to knock through the thin plastering, which had been so carefully left, so as to betray nothing out of order in Casanova's cell. That very night the effort was to be made, when, to our hero's horror, a companion was ordered to share his cell. Here was another check at the eleventh hour, and Casanova cursed his misfortunes. Still undaunted, he determined that if he left the place with blood upon his hands he would make the final effort or die in the attempt. He measured his man and felt sure that his superior strength was more than a match for him, and that

CASANOVA.

From a bust in the Castle of Walstein.

by suddenly seizing him by the throat he could strangle him without creating an alarm.

Yet it went against his conscience, unscrupulous as he was. He had done many bad things, but he had drawn the line at murder. The man was only lodged there for a week or so, for he was a plebeian and had no right to be there. Furthermore, he was one of those superstitious, uneducated Italians who could easily be frightened. So Casanova obtained from him the particulars of his arrest, when he sympathised with him and told him that his punishment would assuredly be death after terrible torture. The man quaked with fear and fell upon his knees before a little crucifix which Casanova placed before him, desiring that he should pray for deliverance. This the fellow did with apparent fervency, Casanova feigning to have been sleeping upon his bed. After about an hour he started from the couch and told his companion that he had had an extraordinary dream. He was sure that the prayers which he had said would be answered, for an angel had appeared whilst he was asleep and told him that as the clock of St. Mark's struck twelve an angel would be sent in human form who would enable them to escape.

With many doubts the peasant was at last somewhat convinced by Casanova's eloquence, and when the hour arrived and Father Balbi broke into the cell the man was convinced that supernatural work was taking place.

It was a strange meeting, but when the man had the whole thing before his eyes and saw the hole in the ceiling he knew at once that he had been duped, and refused to risk his neck by following them. Count Arguino, who weighed eighteen stone, also pondered on the impossibility of scaling roofs and walls, so reluctantly declined to make the attempt, and the two, Casanova and Balbi, decided to make the flight together. Making up a bundle of clothes each, and having torn the sheets, counterpanes, and every available piece of bedding to long strips, they made them into comparatively strong ropes, which would be long enough to let them down to terra firma.

Being assisted up to the opening by their comrades who had decided to remain, Casanova, bringing his herculean strength to bear, succeeded in raising with his shoulders, after having torn the rivets out with his crowbar, the great sheet of lead, and they were on the roof, breathing what they felt was the first air of freedom.

It was the first of November, and a lovely moonlight night, far too light for their operations, so they had to hide till the moon set, which would not be until five in the morning. They were both in their shirt-sleeves, with their ropes hung round their necks and bundles thrown with a handkerchief over the shoulder.

Casanova crept along the roof first; Balbi followed. Crawling on all fours, he clutched his crowbar firmly, and, stretching as far as he could, slipped it obliquely between the points of the sheets of lead; then, grasping the edge of the sheet he had turned up, dragged himself up the ridge of the roof. The friar, to follow him, inserted the fingers of his right hand into the belt of his friend's breeches, so that Casanova had the double task of a beast, which carries and drags both at once, and that on a steep, slippery roof, made slippery by a fog that had come on since the moon had gone down.

The first mishap occurred going up this dreadful climb. Balbi bade his companion stop, for his parcel had dropped and rolled down into the gutter. Fortunately it was not his share of the ropes. He thought to recover it, but his companion explained breathlessly that one step backward would mean that both would roll down off the roof from the giddy height and come crashing into the streets below.

Eventually they reached the ridge, across which they perched themselves astride, Balbi as white as a ghost and trembling like an aspen leaf. To the back of them was the island of San Giorgio Maggiore, whilst two hundred yards in front were the numerous cupolas of the Church of St. Mark, which is, in fact, part of the Ducal Palace, for the holy edifice is no more than the Doge's chapel, and certainly no sovereign can boast of a finer one.

Misfortune number two then occurred to Balbi, which might have cost them their lives. He by some means lost his hat, and it went bounding down the steep roof. By good luck it went to the left, instead of the right, or it would have fallen into the courtyard and been at once observed by the guards.

After remaining in this position for some minutes, Casanova making a careful survey of the situation, he bade his companion remain upon his perch until he should return. For a whole hour he was prospecting, examining every corner. Nowhere could he find a place to which to attach a cord. He was in the greatest perplexity. To attempt a descent into the canal was quite out of the question, the palace yard could not be thought of for a moment, and among the many cupolas of the church nothing but precipitous walls led to open space.

There was no getting away from the fact that he must decide upon some line of action—get away, return to the cell, never to come out again, or to throw himself into the canal. Then, again, what was he to do with the priest, who was fast losing his nerve and praying that he might be conducted once more to his late quarters. Whilst in this dilemma he espied a dormer window on the side towards the canal, and about two-thirds of the way down. It was far enough from where they had started to convince Casanova that the loft it lighted was in no way connected with the prison. He came to the conclusion that it lit some attic over some room in the palace, and he was equally sure that the attendants, even those of the Doge himself, would be eager to favour their escape, rather than place them in the hands of justice, so horrible was the Inquisition in their eyes.

Letting himself carefully down, he was soon astride the

little roof. By stretching forward he was just able to touch a little barred grating, behind which there was a window glazed with small panes set in lead. The window was no trouble, but the grating seemed an insurmountable barrier without a file. Determined not to be beaten, he lay flat upon the roof, with his head over the ledge, and pushed his bar in about the frame which held the grating, determined to dislodge it bodily. In a quarter of an hour the grating was in his hands. There was no difficulty in breaking the window, though the blood was flowing afterwards from his hand, which was severely cut.

By the help of the bar he got back to the ridge of the roof, and there found his companion in a dreadful state of mind, declaring that he would go back to his cell. Casanova pacified him, and, with great risk, conducted him to the roof over the window, when, having fixed the rope under his arms, he lay down upon his stomach upon the roof, and let his companion through the window. On hauling up the rope he found that the drop was at least fifty feet.

Here was a pretty fix; his companion in such a state of mind that he could not act for himself, and Casanova helpless on the roof, for there was nothing whatever to attach a rope to so that he could let himself down. Wandering about the roof, never despairing, this determined man, who was bidding for so much, was again equal to the occasion. He espied on a spot near a cupola a tub of mortar and the end of a ladder. Some workmen had been effecting repairs. With superhuman strength he drew the ladder up. But how was he to get it to the window was the question? Fastening the rope to the eighth rung, he managed to get the foot of it pointed to the window, and, with a push, it went in, but immediately jammed, as its weight outside tilted it. He then decided to slip down to the gutter and tilt it. He thought by the aid of the rope he could get the ladder in, but the force he was obliged to use made him slip, so that he suddenly found himself on the edge of the roof as far as his chest, supported by his elbows only.

"It was an awful moment, which to this day I shudder to think of, and which it is, perhaps, impossible to conceive of in all its horror. The natural instinct of self-preservation made me almost unconsciously lean with all my might, supporting myself on my ribs, and I succeeded—miraculously, I felt inclined to say. Taking care not to relax my hold, I managed to raise myself with all the strength of the wrists, leaning at the same time on my stomach. Happily, the push which nearly cost me my life had sent the ladder in more than three feet. Finding myself resting on the gutter, literally on my wrists and my groin, I found that by moving my right side I could raise first one knee and then the other on to the parapet. Then I should be safe. However, my troubles were not over, for the strain I was obliged to exert in order to succeed gave me such a nervous spasm that a violent attack of painful cramp seemed to cripple me completely. It was a frightful moment. A few minutes after I gradually renewed my efforts. I succeeded in getting my knees against the gutter, and as soon as I had recovered my breath I carefully raised the ladder, and at last got it to the angle where it was parallel to the window. Knowing enough of the laws of equilibrium and the lever, I now picked up my crowbar, and, climbing in my old fashion, I hauled myself up to the roof, and easily succeeded in tilting the ladder, which the friar below received in his arms. I then flung in my clothes and the ropes, and got down into the attic, where Balbi received me very heartily, and took care to remove the ladder, so that it should not be seen from outside."

The rest of the story is soon told. After much difficulty and forcing of doors they made their way to the lower floor, and soon discovered that they had invaded the Doge's chancery offices. Of course, they were locked in, and, therefore, decided to patiently await the arrival of the cleaner or housekeeper, who was due about nine o'clock. In the meanwhile they put on what clothes Casanova had saved, a couple of rich silk cloaks and tunics, silk stockings, etc., and fortunately the friar found a makeshift hat in the office, whilst they trimmed each other's beard with scissors which they found upon the desk.

Nine o'clock struck, and they heard the key in the outer door. Standing aside in the shade, immediately the man entered they pushed him aside and, slipping out before he had recovered from his astonishment; closed the door with a bang and darted down one of the small passages leading to the canal, and in a few minutes were in a gondola, gliding over the glassy waters, free men.

Some day we may tell of the perilous and exciting flight, for it was a marvellous achievement, effected by a marvellous man, and the incidents are worthy of record, showing the wonderful resource of Casanova.

Leaves from Our Notebook.

Punishment Extraordinary.

PERHAPS the most extraordinary penalty on record is to be found in Morryson's "Account of Germany": "Near Lindau I did see a malefactor hanging in iron chains on the gallows, with a mastiffe dogge hanging on each side by the heels, as, being nearly starved, they might eat the flesh of the malefactor before himself died by famine; and at Frankforde I did see a like punishment of a Jew."

The only thing which might serve to lessen our surprise at this shocking refinement in cruelty is the reflection that it happened in a country so pre-eminent for the horrid nature of its punishments that no one can be prevailed on to accept the office of executioner but he who, by being the son of a hangman, is obliged to be trained up and take upon himself the necessary duty.

Another Good Turn.

"WHEN the enterprising burglar's not a-burgling," as Gilbert sang, with the aid of Arthur Sullivan, he sometimes discovers a prolific vein of humour, and this vein he occasionally draws on even when nefariously employed.

Six or seven years ago a householder returned to his native hearth to find the plate ransacked, boxes and drawers open, and the plate and some money concealed in a desk all conspicuous by their absence. Burglars had been at work, and, to crown all, they had left an old lady, a guest in the house, bound and gagged in her favourite armchair. A note was found pinned to her matronly bosom, and it read:

"Guv'nor, we'd have taken the old lady, too, and thus done you another good turn, but we ain't got room for more of your property in our cart"!

The "old lady" in question was the mother-in-law of the despoiled householder!

A Roman Edict.

AS this paper deals with crime, justice, and punishment, and as its object is to promote knowledge of the sins of mankind with a view to inducing English people to profit by the experiences here faithfully recorded, it will not be out of place to quote the following edict, which was promulgated by the Roman Emperor, Constantine the Great. We fancy that, in spite of all our boasted modern civilization, we could hardly improve on it:

"To all our subjects throughout the provinces of the Roman Empire. If there be an individual, of what place, condition, or quality soever, who can fairly and substantially convict any one of our judges, generals, favourites, or courtiers of being guilty of any injustice or corrupt practices in the discharge of their respective trusts, let him, with all possible freedom and security, approach the throne and appeal to us. We ourselves will hear his accusations with condescension and patience, and if he make good his allegations we shall be happy and eager to do ourselves and our people justice on the man who shall be found to have thus imposed on us by specious but deceitful counsels."

The above is a correct translation from the original Latin, and goes to prove that, even in ancient days, the only way to run a great empire was on strict principles of morality. To wit—our position in India to-day.

REPLIES TO QUERIES

GEO. FLEMING (Wapping).—According to all the best authorities Claude Duval was merely a typical highwayman born in the brain of novelists.

VANQUISHED.—We do not quite understand your query. Are you proposing to take the girl away by force? If you do so you will be guilty of abduction and may be severely punished.

OLD LAG.—You are wrong. No convict undergoing sentence of penal servitude for life can demand to be released after twenty years. The granting of a ticket of leave is an act of grace on the part of the Crown.

VICTORIAN READER.—Certainly we shall publish the story of Deeming, the author of the horrible Rainhill and Windsor murders. Meanwhile you will find an account of him in *Yes or No?* numbers 16 and 17.

SOUTHWARK TERROR.—No; Hooligans are not a new invention. When the Police were instituted in 1838 they had just as dangerous a set of ruffians to deal with as the present South London Constabulary have to repress.

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